EC. 28, 1940

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

Christmas, 1940—A Short Story by MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I WAS IN A CONVOY UNDER FIRE by ROBERT LOW

The Perfect Gift

Calvert Special

A "special" blend—mild and mellow. The quality whiskey which has become the most popular in America. A fine gift. The price is moderate.

Calvert Reserve

If your friends prefer a "richer" whiskey, Calvert "Reserve" solves your problem. Millions gladly pay a few cents more for this premium blend.

PROTECTIVE BLENDING CREATES THE PERFECT GIFT

Here are two great whiskies that make two great gifts.

Protective Blending distinguishes these superlative whiskies—identifies them as America's favorite gifts.

Your friends *already* know what Calvert's Protective Blending *does* for these famous whiskies—what it adds to their drinking enjoyment.

That's why, whether a man drinks rye, bourbon or Scotch, you can't go wrong giving Calvert because it has a universally favored flavor—thanks to Protective Blending.

So take this easy way out of your shopping worries.

Give these handsome, colorful gift packages of Calvert. Let Protective Blending convey Good Wishes with the best of "Good Spirits."

Calvert "Special" Blended Whiskey: 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Reserve" Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

Do you see Johnny?
No! I see Jack Carter, future All-American Halfback.

What does Jack Carter look like?
He's tall and broad, with a Bright and Sparkling Smile.

What makes his Smile so Sparkling?
For one thing, he started young to use Ipana and Massage!

Your smile is priceless . . . guard it! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthier, your teeth and smile more sparkling.

TO MANY A YOUNGSTER "Ask Dad—He Knows" is sound advice. But when it comes to dental care many a parent might well reverse this adage to "Ask Son—He Knows!"

For today, thousands of youngsters are taught in their classrooms a dental lesson that too many grown-ups still have to learn—the great importance of *gum massage* to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

You see, our modern, soft foods require so little chewing that they deny our gums the exercise they need for health. And often our gums tend to become weak, flabby—then flash their warning tinge of "pink."

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may tell you that gums need exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means that circulation is being aroused in the gums—helping them to become stronger and firmer.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Start now with Ipana and massage—for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

DECEMBER 28, 1940

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

HEY! HEY! HURRAH! HURRAH!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Let's rejoice on this glad day. Christmas is here again. Forget your troubles. Cast them to the winds. It's time to frolic and dance —cut capers.

Rack your memory for your happiest moments. Live them over again and again. "Happiness is a habit—cultivate it," said Elbert Hubbard, and happiness can be yours. Demand it, grasp it; hold on with joyous tenacity.

Gloom and despair are appropriate occasionally, but Christmas—ah, that is the time for teeming delight. Even creaky joints should tune up with youthful abandon. If you cannot prance like a pony and leap like a panther, encourage the abandoned spirit—be overwhelmed with happiness—that's the idea. It's time to shout hosannas, broadcast glad tidings.

We are a lucky people—we Americans. The good things of life have come to us in abundance. We have ample reason for radiating good cheer.

Envy, malice, hatred—throw them aside. There are hundreds, perhaps millions, bearing hardships far more severe than your own. Therefore let your soul revel in happiness this glad day. "Happiness and beauty are by-products," says Bernard Shaw.

And if you lack comeliness, be cordial, kind, and sympathetic. Your smile can have a beauty of its own, winning, with a welcome that can be entrancing.

And the depression—well, it's worn out. Don't allow it to dampen your spirits. And gratitude—we certainly have reason for appreciation. Regardless of your status this glad day, you should be filled with heartfelt thankfulness. What a sacred privilege, just to be an American!

And this is the time we can kick over the traces. Even a little liquid stimulant is not entirely taboo, although abundant vigor, super-health, should bring spirited exuberance—nature's intoxicant. Other stimulants are then needless.

This is the time to bring back your boyhood and girlhood enthusiasm. Dance and sing to your heart's content. A glad refrain should peal forth in rapturous moments.

Yes, you should have a Christmas tree, and the little ones should gather round with beaming faces, glistening eyes, for Santa Claus is their mythical god.

Thankfulness in abundance should be manifested. And those who are possessed of worldly goods should give freely, for remember, the giver is more blessed than the receiver, and money is not a requisite. You must be filled to overflowing with the Christmas spirit. Everybody loves you; you love everybody. Enfold your friends in a spiritual embrace.

And don't eat too much or drink too much. Your tummy may rebel and spoil all the fun. And don't become too dignified. This is the time to unbend. Too much spinal stiffness often helps to bring a sour stomach, indigestion, rheumatism, and other ills too numerous to mention.

But let's give this holiday outstanding importance. Those who are rough and ready can be forgiven their enthusiasm on this special occasion.

Duties and responsibilities you have none, at least on Christmas Day. Merrymaking—that's the idea. Sing and shout to your heart's content. Even a riotous spirit can be occasionally commended.

And it cannot be repeated too often: Christmas is here; Santa Claus is with us again. And the entire staff of Liberty Magazine wishes our dear friends—our readers—a Christmas loaded with good cheer and a successful New Year that eclipse all that have gone before.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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Here's how America gets the *power* to go ahead!

WHAT do you see here? Just a lot of railroad coal cars? Listen—

You're looking at the greatest source of energy in America.

Coal is the No. 1 source of power in the nation's factories.

Coal is the No. 1 source of warmth in the nation's homes.

Coal gives us iron and steel. Coal generates most of the electricity used in this country. And just a handful of coal contains enough energy to pull a ton of freight a mile on America's railroads.

Did you know that it takes more than a million tons a day to supply the nation's demands for light and heat and power?

Did you know that the annual value of the bituminous and anthracite coal mined in the United States *exceeds that of all other minerals combined?*

But without adequate transportation from mines to the rest of the country these coals would have little value. Few people could enjoy their warmth and comfort—most manufacturing plants would have to be located near the mines.

It is only because railroads provide quick, dependable, cheap transportation to every corner of the land that people can use this inexpensive fuel, and that manufacturing and power plants, producing for our daily needs and for national defense, can be located long distances from the coal fields and still be sure of a steady flow of fuel.

To meet the nation's needs, railroads every day are called upon to haul enough coal to make a train 150 miles long.

No other form of transportation could come close to handling so great a job so smoothly or economically. All by itself the movement of the nation's No. 1 fuel from mine to consumer would be a notable accomplishment. But at the same time, the food you eat, the clothes you wear, most of the things you use every day—and most of the supplies for the nation's factories—flow with the same smoothness—by rail.

No wonder thoughtful people recognize the railroads as the nation's No. 1 transportation system — not only in the volume they handle, but in the skill with which the job is done.

"SEE AMERICA" for $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States—east coast, west coast, border to border—go by one route, return by another—liberal stopovers—for $90 railroad fare in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT

You can take your car along too
See your local ticket agent

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR HISTORY IN SLOGANS

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—A condensed United States history for a generation or so back could be made from Presidential slogans. McKinley gave us a full dinner pail; Roosevelt the First carried a big stick, spoke softly—sometimes—and promised a square deal; Wilson kept us out of war—for a while; Harding brought us back to normalcy; and Coolidge carried on, mostly in silence, until he did not choose to run for a third term. Then Hoover gave us two cars in every garage and two chickens in every pot. But somehow the bottom dropped out of the pot, carrying both chickens along with it, and the in-

stallment man drove away with both cars. Finally, Roosevelt the Second gave us a new deal with aces and jokers wild, especially the jokers.

What next?—*Carl Moe.*

SWEATER OFF LAMB'S BACK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In sincere appreciation for the art displayed on Liberty's November 2 cover, I offer the following:

Mary had a little lamb;
Its face was sure a study
When Mary knit from off its back
A sweater for her buddy.

—*Viola J. Augir.*

ROBERT RIPLEY IS WRONG!

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Believe it or not, Robert Ripley is wrong. Answering question No. 38 in his quiz, he states that "the father of modern dentistry" was Benjamin Franklin. (November 9 Liberty.)

I differ with Mr. Ripley. The father of modern dentistry was Pierre Fauchard, who was born in Brittany about the year 1690. In 1728 he published his celebrated work Le Chirurgien Dentiste (The Surgeon Dentist). Here is found the groundwork of modern dentistry. Pierre Fauchard died at Paris in the year 1761.

Would Mr. Ripley inform me as to the source of his information regarding Benjamin Franklin's appellation as "the father of modern dentistry"?—*Louis B. Amyot, D. D. S.*

MR. GREEN'S DEMOCRACY

BAY PINES, FLA.—What Democracy Means to Me, by William Green (November 9 Liberty) explains democracy to me as I never understood it before. And I think it will do so to a lot of people.—*William E. Barrett.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Green goes a great way to tell what democracy means to him (November 9 Liberty). But does it mean that some union has the right to tell a free man where he can work, who for, and at what wages? To my mind, it doesn't.

Westbrook Pegler has Green and the unions sized up pretty good.—*Thomas R. Confare.*

RED INK WOULD HELP

MISSOULA, MONT.—Why not print in red ink weekly the figures of our national debt as it rises day by day?

If it could be done, this "in the red with Uncle Sam" would help to drive home the spending orgy of our government.—*J. C. Morgan.*

IS THERE SUCH A PITCHER?

GOWEN, OKLA.—I can't agree with E. Nelson (November 16 Vox Pop). I hope the bean ball will be outlawed before the next season starts. What pitcher with an ounce of real sportsmanship would wind up and let loose a ball with the intention of putting to rout a spirit inspired by the love of the game? Such a pitcher shouldn't be on the diamond.—*A. W. Myers.*

RADIO STATION KSTP

ST. PAUL, MINN.—What does Frederick Lewis think the "STP" stands for in Radio Station KSTP? (*Off* the Networks, November 16 Liberty.) Why, St. Paul, of course. Not Minneapolis. It's the last straw when Liberty robs us of our radio station—but then, everybody else does.—*C. R. Hoffman.*

MUTTER GOOSE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—

"Bah! Bah! Führer. Have you any guns?"
"Ja! Ja! Und of bombs we've many tons.
Some are for the British, which we'll use without delay,
But most of them we're saving for the good old U. S. A."—*John Lawrence.*

MIDSTREAM MELANCHOLY

TOPEKA, KAN.—Well, Vox Pop, I see by the election that we decided not to change hearses in midstream.—*E. E. Nitch.*

CREDIT TO DR. SPIVEY

LAKELAND, FLA.—When I read Florida Leads the Way (September 28 Liberty) I was angered by the omission of the mention of the very man who first had the vision of a Chair of Democracy and had the force of personality to start the affair moving. The man is Dr. Ludd M. Spivey, president of Florida Southern College.

I am sure that any of the gentlemen whose names appear in the Liberty article would feel that fairness demands that the name of Dr. Spivey should head the list.—*Student.*

IS SHE WORTH DATING?

LOLITA, TEX.—Is a girl who objects to her date being careful with his money worth dating? (November 9 Vox Pop.) Remember, a man may be careful without being a miser.—*C. S. Mitchell.*

THANKS TO WILL H. HAYS

JOPLIN, MO.—Our thanks to Mr. Will H. Hays for his warning to those who fail to vote (November 9 Liberty). My wife and I have voted his article the best ever printed in your magazine.—*M. A. Shreve.*

LIBERTY—THEN AND NOW

TROY, N. Y.—While cleaning out an attic the other day I came across a copy of Liberty dated June 20, 1885! How different you were fifty-five years ago—or was it you?

Unlike our present-day Liberty, it defended the reds and admired anarchists.

Take a look at it—I'm sending the

copy. Oddly enough, one of its articles deals with a Princess Kropotkine!—*A. W. Ostrander.*

ON THE GOLD STANDARD

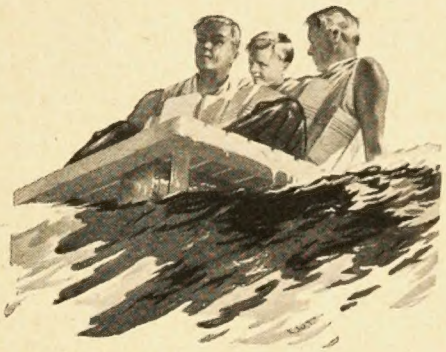
BUCKINGHAM, ILL.—I have a question that has been argued pro and con at my place of work. Would you be so kind as to answer for me: Is or is not the U. S. A. on the gold standard?—*E. Schultz.*

[Yes, we are on it, qualifiedly. The gold content of the dollar is fixed by law; however, gold is not free for making payments.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Boy on a Raft

War yields a classic of 8-year-old courage



BY ERIC DAVIS

THE raft was only six feet long, and there were three of us on it—the engineer with his head split open and myself and Jack Keeley. Jack was a little boy from a poor worker's family in London, and if I believed in heroism he would be my chief hero. He made me understand why it is that London can take it.

That raft wasn't at all comfortable but it was better than a sinking ship, and our ship, the Benares, had sunk in thirty minutes some 600 miles west of Ireland.

On the night we sank—September 17—it was cold. A bitter wind blew from the north; there was a heavy sea, hailstorms, driving clouds, a fitful moon. The torpedo hit us at 10 P. M. On board there were 406 people. A hundred of them were children, all snugly in bed. Twenty-four hours later one hundred and sixty-one had been saved, of whom only nineteen were children. The rest were dead.

The first one on the raft was the engineer, who was washed there by a wave and who stuck on although he was unconscious. I came aboard later. Then we heard Jack's voice. We located him a few yards away and brought him aboard. He had been holding on to a piece of wood the size of a pocket handkerchief. He had on two life jackets but very little clothing.

Should you ever have to get some one onto a raft, do not try to do it from the raft or you will capsize. Get into the water and push him aboard. Then get back on yourself. It was while I was thinking how that last might best be done without upsetting Jack and the engineer into the water that Jack made a memorable remark. With chattering teeth, he crouched on all fours. "I say," he said. "I say . . ." "Well?" I asked, thinking he might have a friend somewhere who ought to be picked up. "I say," he said, "thank you very much."

Not only did one wave in fifty break over the raft's top but they also came slyly up from beneath. And although the open slats made it easy to hold on, in a rough sea one was always slipping off.

To keep Jack on, we lay on top of him. That also kept the wind off him a little. There was food on board, in a neat little cupboard: canned milk, ship's biscuits, and a good-sized can of water, with a can opener. But did you ever try to open a can with one hand, sitting on a raft in mid-Atlantic with twenty-foot waves patting you? Anyway, Jack didn't complain. He ate biscuits and had an extra dose of milk.

From Jack's point of view, if all this was part of the routine of being evacuated to America, it probably was all right. After his meals he would wake up and ask intelligent questions which weren't always easy to answer. After "breakfast" he suddenly demanded, "I say, which way are we going?"

"Well," I said, pointing, "we're probably going down *that* way quite a bit. The wind will blow us along."

"Yes," he replied patiently; "but *which* way? Are we going to America or are we going back to England?"

Every half hour or so we would have to adjust ourselves because one of us was on the point of slipping into the water. During the meals, no one could use more than one hand at a time and nothing could be put down for fear of its being swept away. That is how we lost one of our four cans of milk.

About midday, when it was warm, Jack and I tried to amuse ourselves by feeding biscuit crumbs to the gulls. When Jack went to sleep again, I sat looking at the horizon, thinking every smudge of cloud might be the smoke of a ship and every distant gull a plane. And listening to the noises all around, noises which might have been ships' "hooters" or people talking or a dog barking—or just the slap of the waves against the raft.

That was a long and tedious day. There was no boat or ship. No other raft. No longer even wreckage. Had a ship searched—and missed us?

We twisted and turned to delay the cramp. We rubbed Jack. The more we could do, the less time there was for thinking. As all hope evaporated, a chill crept over us that not even the sun could dispel. . . .

The engineer must have fainted. Jack pulled at me. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him!"

Stiffly and with difficulty I twisted around, to find the engineer slipping away from us off the raft. Had he gone, I doubt if we could have ever brought him back again. Inch by inch, however, we eased him back on, Jack struggling as I did. We slapped him awake, and then devised a new system of lying on the raft which tied our arms and legs in knots.

This incident woke Jack up completely. "I say," he asked; "I say, how do you stop these things when you want to get off?"

How indeed, and when? There was a heavy storm coming up to meet the setting sun. The wind was freshening and the seas were even higher. There would be more hail.

I decided that we could not afford another milk ration before dusk, as we were down to the last can.

When the warship saw us three miles off and "hooted," I ignored it. The engineer, however, sat up. And slowly I realized that if two people heard a noise, maybe—

"What did you hear?" I asked.

"A hooter," he said. "At least, I thought I did." And then, anxiously, "Didn't you?"

It was eternity before we came up on a wave high enough to see her. And she had her stern to us. We howled and shouted and yelled. Of course they couldn't hear us—and we knew it. Actually, they had seen us and had merely paused to cruise among some empty rafts and wreckage. We didn't know that.

Suddenly they swung around and came toward us at full speed. Instantly we were very calm and pleased and engrossed with the thought of how to get Jack aboard—and no longer cold.

I waved gently. They waved back. The ship edged up to us. A rope was thrown and missed. Another hit me in the face, but we held on to it.

Carefully we eased Jack up on his feet, though he was too cold to stand. Suddenly we were almost at deck level, Jack had been caught, the raft capsized, and the engineer and I were bobbing about like corks.

Inside the steaming engine room, a sailor pulled our clothes off; another appeared with hot milk for Jack and rum for me. The engineer was swept off to bed.

"Try a drop of this," I said, putting a little rum into what was left of Jack's milk. He drank it down.

"I say," he said; "I say, thank you very much."

On the raft, Jack couldn't stop his teeth chattering, but he didn't cry. He didn't talk about home, or about his sister, who we later learned had gone down with the Benares. He didn't complain. The night before, he had saved his own life by his good sense. The following day he saved the life of the engineer. He showed fortitude and endurance; he never once gave up hope. He returned cheerfully to a London which was being bombed day and night. Not bad—for a kid of eight.

THE END

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I was in

HERE we were, about to sail through the toughest, hottest piece of water in the world—the Straits of Dover. Twenty-two little ships in convoy.

Every known modern weapon would probably be used by both sides as we sailed through the bottleneck. Against us there would be long-range guns shelling us from the French coast, Junkers, dive bombers, U-boats, mines, and "E" boats.

For our defense we would have an "umbrella" of fighter planes overhead, a floating balloon barrage, depth charges, submarine detectors, and guns, antiaircraft pompoms, explosive rockets, and aerial bomb throwers. Those were the "batteries" for the day.

But the kid wanted cutlasses.

We had been all set to go aboard our ship when the youthful officer with one proud gold stripe on his sleeve had ducked into the naval supplies storeroom and asked for an issue of six cutlasses. He told me why. "You never can tell. We may run into some of those German motor torpedo boats in the Channel at night. If we do, I am going to try to ram one and send a boarding party over."

It looked as if the spirit of Nelson was still about. Cutlasses hadn't been used in the navy since his day for anything except opening cans in an emergency.

Out in the Thames estuary we could see the little ships of our convoy steaming slowly to their rendezvous. Like so many fat lumbering chorus girls of a seagoing "beef trust," they were jockeying for position behind the convoy commodore's ship. This was certainly an international affair. In the brisk breeze fluttered the flags of Britain, France, Holland, Norway, and Belgium.

Destroyers and armed trawlers wheeled in and out, trying to get the little ships lined up into two columns. Outside the long boom which stretched from one shore miles across the river to the other, squat snub-nosed mine sweepers ambled along looking for any *bon voyage* presents which might have been dropped in the vicinity. The port convoy officer, a brusque efficient two-and-a-half-striper who had charge of assembling the ships, stood beside us, sending a series of messages out to the merchantmen. It seems that the hardy old tramp-steamer skippers are not accustomed to taking instructions from any one. Sometimes their individuality gets the better of them, until a few well chosen words from the Navy blisters the paint off their bridges.

As we waited for a launch to take us out to our ship, the convoy officer said to me, "You certainly ought to see some action. I won't say we are using this convoy for bait, but the Germans will find these ships are carrying a lot of surprises."

Just as in the last war the introduction of mystery "Q" ships put an awful dent into the U-boat campaign, he said, so this type of convoy was intended to stem air and surface attacks.

The air-raid sirens sounded while we were in the launch going out to the lead ship of the convoy. Either the fun was starting early or a German reconnaissance plane was nosing around having a good look at us and all our preparations. The "All clear" sounded without any bombs having been dropped. We knew that they had been spotting planes.

Finally the convoy was assembled and the ships in their proper position. I stood on the bridge of our trawler and heard the captain give the signal for the convoy to move off. Slowly our nondescript flotilla headed for open water. Freighters, tankers, escort vessels, and balloon-barrage ships with air-borne sausages trailing above.

A motley group perhaps. But very tough, judging by all the armament I could see on our ship—and by our captain, officers, and crew. This pint-sized warship, 160 feet long, carried so many guns for her size that if they were all ever fired at once I figured the ship would shoot to the bottom from the recoil.

Out through the nautical gateway which had been opened in the boom we sailed. Ahead the mine sweepers blinked a signal that all was clear. For the moment anyway. And as the choppy waters of the Channel began to slap against our bows we passed another convoy inward bound. These were the big ships bringing food and munitions from overseas.

Now every man on board was at action stations. The multiple antiaircraft gun turret was manned. So were the two twin-barrel machine guns on either side of the bridge. And a gun crew stood by ready to man the four-inch antisubmarine gun on the bow. No longer would we hear sirens if enemy planes were near. It was up to us. Our first warning might be a stick of bombs right in our laps if we didn't keep a damn good lookout.

But I doubt if a little thing like that would have bothered the captain. He had seen too much action in this war and the last. In fact he had been in the navy for thirty-three years. His men swore by him—even when he swore at them, which he did with great proficiency whenever anything went wrong.

The crew were all trawlermen from the North Sea fleet. They didn't know so much about formal naval etiquette. They were just the boys who sat there and took it day after day. More than half of them were survivors from ships which had been sunk by mines, torpedoes, or bombs. During the first year of the war they had averaged nearly three hundred days at sea. The only sort of thing that ever bothered them was some trivial matter like the midnight cocoa and rum being served late. But the rest didn't mean a thing. They just shrugged their shoulders. What the hell, mate.

I was standing aft near the turret when the faint hum of aircraft reached our ears. We had been steaming now for three hours and were coming up the western approaches of the Channel. This might be it. One of the gunners shouted through the speaking tube which hooked up with the bridge, "Aircraft approaching very high but coming fast; probably hostile." "Right. Fire at five hundred yards, not before." Yes, they were high all right. Through my binoculars I could see the tiny gray specks. But as they drew closer we heard a new note. Spitfires. Our umbrella had been up there so high we hadn't even heard them. Now they were dropping down fast to intercept. The attacking planes altered course. They wheeled and headed inland. In a moment they were out of sight. Perhaps we would see them again on their way back to the air bases on the French side of the Channel.

On we steamed at seven knots for Hell's Corner. If the Germans were going to make good their claim that command of the Channel was now in their hands, they would have to start soon. The front lines in this battlefield were separated by twenty miles of water. Whichever side could take their ships through really had command. So far, no German convoys had done it. If we could make it, then the Channel was still English.

Except for the men manning the guns, you would have thought we were out for a pleasure cruise. The weather was fine and some of the crew were on deck lounging around reading; others worked on lifesaving nets and similar gear. And at four o'clock tea was served to all hands. For the moment all we needed was a ping-pong tournament to complete the picture.

As we passed the shallow Goodwin Sands, this side of Dover, we picked our way through a watery graveyard. Mute evidence of the havoc wrought by the magnetic mine in a few short weeks was strewn everywhere. Here the masts of large liners which now rested on the bottom; there the bent and broken superstructures of freighters and tankers. It wasn't pleasant thinking of what would have happened had the Admiralty scientists failed to find a way to demagnetize a ship and thus render it invulnerable to the mines.

My guess about the German bombers returning was right. They were coming out of the sun over England. Suddenly they were overhead. There were Spitfires on their tails, so they didn't have much time to drop bombs on us. Just a few in passing.

A piercing whistling noise split the

BY ROBERT LOW

Convoy under fire

Our intrepid reporter cables the vivid tale of his latest adventure

air. A bomb was on its way down from twenty thousand feet. And it seemed to be coming straight down on us. It's funny how personal a bomb becomes at a moment like that. I thought this one had my name on it and was going to part my hair.

Then a huge spurt of water enveloped one of the little ships of the convoy a few hundred yards away and for a moment hid her from view. It looked like a direct hit. But when the water subsided there was the little ship steaming on serenely. I heard afterward that a layer of sand and gravel an inch thick had covered her decks. The bomb exploded on the floor of the sea and threw it up through sixty feet of water.

More bombs exploded harmlessly a mile or two away. Nobody paid any attention to this. The bombers were now well over France.

It was almost dusk and we were entering the Straits of Dover. The tall chalk cliffs caught the last purple light of day and stood out against the sky like sentinels. We were less than five minutes' flight from enemy airdromes—and within range of German heavy guns. A week before, they had shelled a convoy without success. Maybe they had found the range now.

Night was falling fast. Still the twenty-two little ships sailed on. Watching them from the top deck of our trawler, I thought of Masefield's lines about the " dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack butting through the Channel." Well, peace or war, their cargoes of Tyne coal, road rails, and pig lead seemed to go through.

For the next twelve hours the danger of air attacks was over. Now we had to reckon with silent German torpedo boats which might creep up on us in the darkness and slip a " fish " or two into our chargelings. Or a U-boat lurking around for a victim.

Around us we could hear the comforting high-pitched whine of our four new watchdogs until morning. They were antisubmarine patrol boats which could do sixty-five miles an hour in anything but a heavy sea. They were all over the place. One moment snapping at the heels of our convoy, the next snarling somewhere ahead of us.

In the wheel room only a faint blue light glowed over the compass. The captain and third officer studied the indigo curtain ahead. Leading a close-station convoy on a pitch-black night without a single navigation light to help is no easy matter.

" Anything doing on the asdic? " the skipper asked.

The seaman standing over the compass with a pair of earphones on his head said there wasn't. The asdic is a submarine listening device which sends out a beam through the water. If there are any submarines about, this beam hits the steel hull and echoes back to the instrument. Simple calculations based on the time for the echo to return give the position and distance of the sub. In this way it works as fishermen use echo sounders to detect shoals of fish; depth charges dropped in a diamond-shaped pattern do the rest.

We came on deck after dinner. The most spectacular show I have ever seen was taking place. It began with a fanfare of searchlights. Along the length of the English coast as far as the eye could see there was an almost solid wall of light half a mile high. On the blackboard of night the searchlights drew crosses and circles with their beams. German planes were trying to penetrate the coastal defenses. Then the red and green tracer shells of the antiaircraft guns made a fantastic pattern in the sky. Occasionally there was a blue flash on the ground in the distance, followed by a *whoooomph* that you could almost feel. Bombs.

Suddenly the searchlights started on the other side of the Channel. The R. A. F. was going to work on the airports near Boulogne and Dieppe. Tracers and *whoooomphs* on that side now, too. After a while the lights went out on both sides and we were in darkness again. But not for long. From the French coast a rocket flare was shot up over the water. If it was meant to illuminate the convoy, it failed. Too far away. If it was a signal for " E "-boat attack, we'd soon know. Our four " Masbe " scampered off at a terrific clip to investigate. I wondered if the young lieutenant were sharpening up his cutlass.

I was standing on deck with the captain, watching the flare hanging in the sky, when all of a sudden he ran to the bridge shouting, " Full speed ahead, quick! " There was a tinkle of bells down in the engine room and the ship surged forward.

AT any moment I expected to see an " E " boat appear. But when I looked aft I could make out something big and black looming up right behind us. It was the bow of the first merchantman in our convoy. She was awfully close.

A few seconds later the captain came back. It was cold but he was mopping the sweat from his brow.

" That was a close one. Thank God for that flare, whatever it's for. I would never have seen her without it. Her skipper must have misjudged the tides and she was doing more than her ordered speed."

For a moment it seemed to me that he was even more concerned than was necessary. After all, if she'd hit us it would only have been a fairly hard bump because we were both traveling in the same direction. Then I suddenly remembered we were carrying ten thousand pounds of TNT in depth charges on our stern. I started sweating too.

There were more searchlight displays through the night on both sides. But nothing happened in the corridor between. And in the morning there were still twenty-two little ships steaming along.

Late in the afternoon we brought them safely into harbor. One more trip completed. They wouldn't have to change the name of the Channel on the charts yet anyway.

And the kid would still have a chance to use his cutlass.

THE END

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Of dark days that pass away, and shining faith that endures . . Liberty presents

Christmas 1940

A SHORT STORY By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

ST. NICHOLAS' EVE, 1940, was cold and the snow was falling. On the hearth in Marta's home there was a fire burning, and she had been hugging that fire all day, asking her mother to tell her stories, telling them afterward to her doll.

This was not like St. Nicholas' Eve of last year. Then her father had come home. Seven-year-old Marta asked her mother to tell her the story over and over again; so her mother, whose fingers were never idle now that she was alone and had to feed and clothe herself and Marta, sat and knit long woolen stockings and talked of the past which would never come again, and of St. Nicholas' Eve, 1939.

The war was going on in Europe in 1939, but Jon was only mobilized. He was just guarding the border, and was allowed to come home for the holiday. Marta's mother said:

"On Monday I got the letter, and on Tuesday, St. Nicholas' Eve, he came. I got up early in the morning and started cleaning the house. I wanted everything to shine while your father was home. Soon I called you, and when you were dressed and had had your breakfast, you took your place in the window, watching for him to come. Every time you saw a speck way down the road, you would call out to me, but I had time to get much of the holiday cooking prepared and the house in good order before you finally cried, 'Here he is!' and a cart stopped by our gate. You threw open the door and you ran down the path. I saw him pick you up in his arms, but he was in such a hurry that he carried you right on in with him and met me as I was running halfway down the path."

Her mother always sighed and Marta wondered why her eyes looked so bright; then she would go on and tell of Jon's coming into the house and insisting on saying: "*Vroolyk Kerstfeest*," meaning "Merry Christmas," all over again to her and to Marta, just as though he had not greeted them both outside.

They both felt sorry that the two grandmothers and the two grandfathers could not come that year. Little Marta loved to think about her grandfathers. One grandfather could tell her so much about the animals and the birds and make them seem just like people, and her mother's father could tell her stories, long, long stories, about things that happened in cities, about processions and having seen the Queen, and so many wonderful things that she could

In her arms was a baby and around the baby a curious light shone.

dream about after the visit was over. It was a disappointment when the grandparents could not be with them for this St. Nicholas' Eve.

Little Marta did not know it, but to her father's parents it was more than a disappointment. They had wanted so much to see their son again. Like all mothers, his mother feared the worst where her own boy was concerned. Perhaps she had had a premonition of what the future held, but, as with all peasants, the hard facts of life are there to be counted, and the money saved for the trip would keep food in the larder if the winter was going to be as hard as everything indicated, so they did not travel.

Marta's mother had told her that perhaps St. Nicholas, on his white horse with his black servant, Peter, would not bring any presents that year to fill her wooden shoes, but Marta would not believe it. Her first question to her father was, "Will St. Nicholas forget us?"

"No, little Marta," said her father. "The good saint will come tonight if you go to bed like a good girl and go quickly to sleep."

Marta put her little shoes down by the big fireplace, and her mother took her into the bedroom and tucked her away behind the curtains which shielded her bunk along the wall on the cold winter night.

On Christmas morning Marta woke and ran to look for her wooden shoes. "St. Nicholas has been here!" she cried, "and he's given me many sweets, a doll, and bright red mittens just like the stockings mother made me as a Christmas gift."

Then the whole family went skating on the river and there were many other little girls with their fathers and mothers. Every one glided about, and the babies were pushed or dragged in their little sleds. The boys and girls chased one another. Sometimes long lines took hands and, after skating away, gathered in a circle, going faster and faster until they broke up because they could not hold on any longer.

THEN at last they went home to dinner. On the table a fat chicken and a good soup.

At first they ate silently, and then, as the edge of their hunger wore off, they began to talk.

"Marta," said her father, "have you learned to read in school yet? Can you count how many days there are in a month?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marta, "and mother makes me mark off every day that you are gone, and when we are together we always say, 'I wonder if father remembers what we are doing now,' and we try to do just the things we do when you are home so you can almost see us all the time."

Her father smiled rather sadly, and then her mother said:

"Jon, perhaps it is good for us all that we have to be apart for a while, because we appreciate so much more this chance of being together. There is no time for cross words when you know how few minutes there are left. It should make us all realize what it would be like if we lived with the thought of how quickly life runs away before us."

A curious look came into his eyes and Jon thought for a moment with anguish of what he might have to do some day to other homes and other children, or what might happen to his, and then he pulled himself together and you could almost hear him say, "This at least is going to be a happy memory," and turning to Marta, he began to tease her about her fair hair, which stuck out in two little pigtails from the cap which she wore on her head. Seizing one of them, he said:

"I can drive you just like an old horse. I will pull this pigtail and you will turn this way. I will pull the other one and you go that way."

SUCH a jolly, happy time, and then, as the dusk fell, Marta's father put on his uniform again, kissed her mother, and hugged Marta tightly, saying, "Take good care of *moeder* until I come back."

Then he was gone and they were alone again. The year seemed to travel heavily. First, letters came from Jon, and then one day a telegram, and her mother cried and told Marta that her father would never come back; but her mother never stopped working, for now there was no one to look after them except God, and He was far away in His heaven. Marta talked to Him sometimes because mother said He was every one's Father, but it never seemed quite true. Marta could believe, however, that the Christ child in the Virgin's arms in the painting in the church was a real child and she often talked to Him.

Strange things Marta told the Christ child. She confided in Him that she never had liked that uniform which her father went away in. It must have had something to do with his staying away. He had never gone away in the clothes he wore every day and not come back. She liked him best in his everyday clothes. She was never afraid of him then, and he had a nice homey smell; something of the cows and horses came into the house with him, and, like a good little country girl, Marta liked that smell. She told the Christ child that her mother had no time to play with her any more. She had to work all the time, and sometimes tears fell on her work and she could not answer Marta's questions.

There was no school any more for her to go to, and on the road she met children who talked a strange language and they made fun of her and said now this country was theirs. It was all very hard to understand and she wondered if the Christ child really did know what was happening to little children down here on earth. Sometimes there was nothing to eat in the house, and then both she and her mother went hungry to bed, and she woke in the morning to find her mother gone and it would be considerably later before her mother returned with something for breakfast.

Thinking of all these things as her mother told the story again on this St. Nicholas' Eve, 1940, Marta took off her wooden shoes and put them down beside the open fire. Sadly her mother said, "St. Nicholas will not come tonight," and he did not. Marta had an idea of her own, however, which she thought about until Christmas Eve came. Then she said to her mother, "There is one candle left from last year's feast. May I light it in the house so the light will shine out for the Christ child to see His way? Perhaps He will come to us since St. Nicholas forgot us."

Marta's mother shook her head but smiled, and Marta took out the candle and carefully placed it in a copper candlestick.

Marta wanted to see how far the light would shine out into the night, so she slipped into her wooden shoes again, put her shawl over her head, opened the door, and slipped out into the night. The wind was blowing around her and she could hardly stand up. She took two or three steps and looked back at the window. She could see the twinkling flame of the candle, and while she stood watching it, she was conscious of a tall figure in a dark cloak standing beside her.

JUST at first she hoped the tall figure might be her father, but he would not have stood there watching her without coming out into the candlelight and picking her up and running into the house to greet her mother. She was not exactly afraid of this stranger, for she was a brave little girl, but she felt a sense of chill creeping through her, for there was something awe-inspiring and rather repellent about this personage who simply stood in the gloom watching her.

Finally he spoke:

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

Very much in awe, Marta responded: "I came out to make sure that the Christ child's candle would shine out to guide His footsteps to our house."

"You must not believe in any such legend," remonstrated the tall dark man. "There is no Christ child. That is a story which is told for the weak. It is ridiculous to believe that a little child could lead the people of the world, a foolish idea claiming strength through love and sacrifice. You must grow up and acknowledge only one superior, he who dominates the rest of the world through fear and strength."

This was not very convincing to Marta. Why, she talked to the Christ child herself! But she had been taught to be respectful and to listen to her elders and so silence reigned while she wondered who this man was who said such strange and curious things. Was he a bad man? Did

he have something to do with her father's going away and not coming back? Or with her mother's worrying so much and working so hard?

He had done her no harm—at least, no bodily harm—and yet down inside her something was hurt. Things could be taken away from people. They had had to give up many of their chickens and cows because the government wanted them. That had been hard because they loved their animals and they had cared for them, and it meant also that they would have little to eat and much less money when they lost them. But that was different from the way this man made her feel. He was taking away a hope, a hope that some one could do more even than

Eleanor Roosevelt

First Lady, columnist, actively interested in educational, sociological, and political problems, is a woman of dynamic energy. Busy though her life is, she has found time to write this moving story. In it she has expressed something of what she believes to be the deathless spirit of Christmas.

her mother could do, could perhaps make true the dream, that story she told herself every night, both awake and asleep, of the day when her father would come home; when he would put her on his shoulder and they would go skating on the canal. Somehow this man hurt that dream and it was worse than not having St. Nicholas come. It seemed to pull down a curtain over the world.

Marta was beginning to feel very cold and very much afraid, but all her life she had been told to be polite to her elders and ask for permission to do anything she wished to do. She said, "I am hoping the Christ child will come. May I go in now and will you not come into my house?"

The man seemed to hesitate a minute, but perhaps he decided it would be interesting to see the inside of such a humble home where there was so much simple faith. In any case, he wanted to impress upon this child and upon her mother that foolish legends were not the right preparation for living in a world where he, the power, dominated, so he followed Marta into the house.

Marta's mother, who had been sitting by the fire knitting when Marta went out, was still there, yes, but in her arms was a baby and around the baby a curious light shone, and Marta knew that the Christ child had come. The man in the door did not know; he thought it was an ordinary room with an ordinary baby in a woman's arms.

Striding in, he said, "Madam, you have taught this child a foolish legend. Why is she burning a candle in the hope that the Christ child will come?"

The woman answered in a very low voice, "To those of us who suffer, that is a hope we may cherish. Under your power there is fear, and you have created a strength before which people tremble. But on Christmas Eve strange things happen and new powers are sometimes born."

Marta was not interested any more in the tall figure in the cloak. The Christ child was there in her mother's lap. She could tell Him all her troubles and He would understand why she prayed above everything else for the return of her father. St. Nicholas would never again leave them without Christmas dinner and she could have a new doll and the sweets which she longed to taste again. Perhaps, if only she went to sleep like a good little girl, there would be a miracle and her father would be there. Off she trotted to the second room, and climbed behind the curtain.

Marta could not go to sleep at once because, though there was no sound from the other room, she still could not free herself from the thought of that menacing figure. She wondered if he was responsible for the tears of the little girl up the road whose father had not come home last year and who had not been visited either by St. Nicholas.

Then before her eyes she suddenly saw a vision of the Christ child. He was smiling and seemed to say that the little girl up the road had her father this year and that all was well with her. Marta was happy—fathers are so very nice. Perhaps if she prayed again to the Christ child, when she woke up He would have her father there too, and so she said first the prayer she had always been taught to say and then, just for herself, she added:

"Dear Christ child, I know You will understand that though God is the Father of all of us, He is very, very far away and the fathers we have down here are so much closer. Please bring mine back so that we can have the cows, the pigs, and the chickens again and all we want to eat and the tears will not be in my mother's eyes." The murmur of her prayer died away as she fell asleep.

A long time the power stood and watched Marta's mother, and finally there came over him a wave of strange feeling. Would any one ever turn eyes on him as lovingly as this woman's eyes turned on that baby? Bowing low before her, he said, "Madam, I offer you ease and comfort, fine raiment, delicious food. Will you come with me where these things are supplied but where you cannot keep to your beliefs?"

Marta's mother shook her head and looked down at the baby lying in her lap. She said, "Where you are, there are power and hate and fear of people, one of another. Here there are none of the things which you offer, but there is the Christ child. The Christ child taught love. He drove the money-changers out of the temple, to be sure, but that was because He hated the system which they represented. He loved His family, the poor, the sinners, and He tried to bring out in each one the love for Him and for each other which would mean a Christlike spirit in the world. I will stay here with my child, who could trust the legend and therefore brought with her into this house the Christ-child spirit which makes us live forever. You will go out into the night again, the cold night, to die as all must die who are not born again through Him at Christmastime."

The man turned and went out, and as he opened the door, he seemed to be engulfed in the dark and troubled world without. The snow was falling and the wind was howling, the sky was gloomy overhead. All that he looked upon was fierce and evil. These evil forces of nature were ruling also in men's hearts and they brought sorrow and misery to many human beings. Greed, personal ambition, and fear all were strong in the world fed by constant hate. In the howling of the wind he heard these evil spirits about him, and they seemed to run wild, unleashed.

THIS has happened, of course, many times in the world before, but must it go on happening forever? Suddenly he turned to look back at the house from which he had come. Still from the window shone the little child's candle and within he could see framed the figure of the mother and the baby. Perhaps that was a symbol of the one salvation there was in the world, the heart of faith, the one hope of peace. The hope he had taken away from Marta for the moment shone out increasingly into the terrible world, even though it was only the little Christ child's candle.

With a shrug of his shoulders he turned away to return to the luxury of power. He was able to make people suffer. He was able to make people do his will, but his strength was shaken and it always will be. The light in the window must be the dream which holds us all until we ultimately win back to the things for which Jon died and for which Marta and her mother were living.

THE END

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I used to be a

OH, yes! that's what I used to be: a snob and, the two terms being interchangeable, a fool. They would see me coming, up Fifth Avenue or down Madison, and stick little white cards in their shop windows printed with the magic legend "Imported"—and proceed to play me for a sucker.

Imported!

How that word thrilled me!

Imported from where? Didn't matter to me, not in the least, as long as it was from Europe, Asia, Africa, the Antipodes, and not from some such prosy, homespun burg as Jersey City, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, or Grand Rapids. Things, to be smart, just *had* to come from abroad. Wools, to be warm, *had* to be Australian. Silks, to be soft, *had* to be Chinese or Japanese. Neckties, to be gay, *had* to be French. Razor blades, to be sharp, *had* to be Swedish. Leatherware, to be stout, *had* to be English. Beer, to be beer, *had* to be German. Thus it was all along the line; and it took a catastrophe, no less than the present war, to make me see the error of my ways, to save me a whole lot of cash and—which is the most important part—to make me a better citizen by strengthening my economic loyalty.

But, to return to my snobbish period, consider how I lived and how I spent, or misspent, my substance prior to the war.

I would get up, shave with one of the above-mentioned Swedish razor blades—I got them, wholesale, for a mere two dollars a dozen—and soothe my face with a French lotion worth its weight in Napoleon brandy. Then I would take a bath. There would be a large cake of delicately pink and as delicately scented soap that, imported from Paris, had set me back three bucks, an enormous sponge which bore a British label and retailed for four dollars, a great towel of rough Czechoslovak linen, and a can of French talc powder that I had acquired for ninety-seven cents—at a bargain sale, the regular price being just twice that. I would anoint my few remaining locks with a precious and rather smelly oil made in Palermo, and add the finishing touches with the help of a hairbrush manufactured in the British Midlands. How much for the hairbrush? Seven dollars and fifty cents. And, before I forget, the toothbrush, too, had come from the Midlands and—don't laugh!—had nicked my roll for a dollar and a half.

From teeth to breakfast—a logical sequence—and I was unable to do my snobbish best there. Only the orange marmalade and the porcelain had crossed the Atlantic. The eggs, toast, butter, cream, and coffee were humbly American, North and South.

But presently I made up for this failure. For when I was dressed for the street I was a perfect European symphony—with a few touches of Africa and the Far East. Shoes from London and socks from Edinburgh. Underwear of Japanese silk. Irish poplin shirt. A gaudy Paris necktie that would knock your eyes out at seven yards. A suit of Scotch handloomed tweeds smelling—you pay extra for the smell—of sheep and peat smoke and attracting every collie within a radius of two square miles. Florentine velours hat. South African ostrich-skin gloves. Malacca cane from the Dutch East Indies. Russian silver enamel case containing Turkish cigarettes. Long cigarette holder of Baltic amber or Chinese jade.

Indeed, I was an elegant and expensive little number, worth three hundred and seventy-six dollars on the hoof.

That's a lot of money. Most of it was destined for European pocketbooks and was—I have no doubt—swallowed up ultimately by taxation over there and employed in the manufacture of bombs and airplanes and rifles and poison gas and other war equipment. And—here is the unfairness of it, the bitter irony—I earned it here in America, by contributing American stories, for the American reading public, through American editors, to American magazines.

After a walk during which I might pick up various imported trifles—for instance, an English pigskin belt, a dozen Swiss handkerchiefs, or a set of Bavarian ash trays—I would decide to stimulate the brain by feeding the stomach. In an American restaurant, lunching on American food? Of course not. Even my gastric juices were snobbish. And I knew, tucked away in the East Fifties, an exclusive little place. The kind of place where, when they present you with the check, they add in, unblushingly, the date and the waiter's Social Security number; and where—maybe that's the reason why I write occasionally a story with an unhappy ending—they ruin the digestion with Russian caviar, Polish ham, Portuguese sardines, Alsatian goose-liver paste, Spanish olives, Italian salami, Dutch cheese, and Botokude trimmings.

Once, incidentally, in the restaurant of which I speak, a friend of mine, who hails from the State of Maine, asked for a boiled dinner, corn on the cob, and apple pie. They almost tossed him out on his ear; and it cost me a ten-spot to make my peace with the headwaiter.

Anyway, that's how it was with me. Nor was I the only snob and, by the same token, the only sucker in the family. I have—and I hope

and pray she won't read this—a wife who ran me a close second.

When I think of the bad old days, of the stuff she used to buy—or, rather, they used to sell to her!

Hats—you know the sort I mean, silly things, perched over one eye, which look like fish that have been dead for ten days—designed by a Mme. Schizophranelli or some such name. Frocks and frills and furbelows "created"—no less—by another madame. Tweeds loomed in some Breton or Norman village. Costume

nob

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

Patriotism, profit, fun!—A cosmopolite's blithe avowal of his discovery of America

jewelry from Madrid. Perfumes and powders and various cosmetics from all over France. Italian gloves. Embroidered undies from some outlandish place where the natives themselves are satisfied with G strings. And so on and so on.

In fact, there was nothing American about my wife except her face—which happens to be Irish.

AND then—as they don't say in Hollywood—came the dawn. A grim, brutish dawn. The war. It caused a gradual cessation of imports; and to my wife and me it brought a startling change—both in our mode and in our philosophy of living.

Not that we catered less to either our vanity or our liking for food and drink which are somewhat out of the ordinary. On the contrary, we made the discovery that, more than half the time, the home-grown, home-fashioned article is of better quality, better taste, and considerably cheaper than the one which bears a European label; that, furthermore, here was a nation-wide shop window crammed with all kinds of things, luxury items as well as necessities, the existence of which we, in our benighted snobbery, had not heretofore realized. American things. New things—new, at least, to us. Peppy things. Sound things. As new as American music. As peppy as American cocktails. As sound as American architecture and motorcars.

This discovery led to another. For in the course of the months we found out that by purchasing American products we became more and more part of the country, more and more in tune with American ideals and principles and aspirations, and that, where once our self-esteem had been heightened by our financial ability to acquire foreign things, it was now doubly heightened and deepened by the rather proud knowledge that, when we planked down our cash, this cash in a small way helped to keep the wheels turning in American factories, to give bread and raiment to American workers, to pay taxes to the American government for American well-being and defense.

It meant—I repeat—not the slightest lowering in our standards of quality or taste. On the contrary.

Consider, for instance, what happened yesterday.

Being a well trained husband, I entered my wife's bedroom early in the morning to close the windows and turn on the radiator. I noticed some new bottles on her dressing table, picked one up and sniffed.

"Swell and elegant!" I commented. "Paris?"

"No. New Orleans. Magnolia blossoms. Cost a dollar. Smell the other bottle."

I did.

"Sweller and eleganter."

"Made right here in New York—though I don't see why they have to give it a foreign name. Mere snobbery."

I laughed. She looked at me suspiciously; went on:

"By the way, this is Friday. No bacon for breakfast. Fish."

"I hate fish."

"You won't hate the kippered sturgeon I got from Boston." She paused. "We're having the Weismans for dinner tonight. We'll start out with crab gumbo."

"I don't think our cook can—"

"She knows how to open a can, doesn't she?"

"Oh—where did you—?"

"Where I got the magnolia perfume. New Orleans. I got some other stuff, too. Shrimp gumbo. Crawfish bisque. Terrapin stew. I blew the house."

"So did I. I bought a case of sherry—and one of claret. New York State sherry and California claret. Got them for what I used to pay for a few bottles of the imported stuff."

"But—are they as good?"

"Better. I had Hoffman Vandermeer try both. He's an expert, and he allowed he never tasted finer brands. Grew quite lyric about it, and you know what he's like. Always bragging about his cellar, his French and Spanish and German and Hungarian vintage wines." I shrugged. "Mere snobbery," I added severely.

This time it was my wife who laughed. "Remember the time," she demanded, "when you had to have Swedish razor blades?"

"And you," I countered heatedly, "Cambodian undies?"

"And you Irish poplin shirts?"

"And you jars of French cold cream worth four dollars a crack?"

"And you French neckties worth *five* dollars a crack?"

I considered it time to assert myself. "Enough!" I announced. "We'll speak no more about it."

"Sez *who?*" she exclaimed.

A rude rejoinder. But I forgave her an hour later, when she was dressed for the street. She looked so charming in her new winter outfit—the sort of tweedy thing that, while presenting almost every color on the palette, blends them all to a soft, melodious whole.

"I thought," I remarked, "there were no more Paris tweeds on the market. Where did you find it?"

"It isn't French," she replied. "It's a homespun, and I got it in Maine. It's made by the same people who wove the material of the suit you're wearing. By the way, your wool necktie goes well with it. English?"

"Since when is New Mexico English? I got it in Albuquerque last August, on my way to Hollywood."

She looked at me approvingly; gave her smart little Lexington Avenue hat a tilt to starboard.

"Nifty couple, aren't we?" she asked.

"I'll say—and so American!"

AMERICAN too, straight through, was the Christmas shopping which we did on that day and during the rest of the week. By Saturday we had bought twenty-seven gifts, and every single one of them was not only of American manufacture but of American design. Things ranging from Tiffany to Woolworth, from swagger Fifth Avenue department stores to Bleecker Street. Lovely things. And there was romance attached to them. Not the romance of Europe and the Far East, but the grand, stirring romance of these United States.

For is there anything more romantic than this country? Is there anything more romantic in the wide world than a typical American—the sort, for instance, whose great-grandfather, rifle in arm and knife in boot, came out of Virginia into Kentucky, in the days when Kentucky was the farthest frontier, to see what was going on beyond the ranges, to listen to the pipe calls of the wilderness gods; whose grandfather, following the shifting frontier, drifted into Kansas when it was "Bloody Kansas," and thence, via Panama, to California; and whose father mined and ranched and played poker and drank his straight red liquor from Alaska to the Sierras?

Here's real, full-blooded romance for you, before which the crusaders and barons of Europe's Middle Ages and the khans and mandarins of Asia can hang their heads in impotent shame.

Brian Boru? Tamerlane? Richard Lion Heart? Godfrey de Bouillon? Charlemagne?

Poppycock! Give me real romance. Give me Tom Smith, out of California, via Kansas, Kentucky, and Virginia. Give me the things which Tom Smith makes and buys and sells.

Which goes to prove that I am still a snob.

THE END

Her symmetrical figure was well suited to posing on springboards on the shores of mountain lakes.

MURDER OVER BROOKLYN

When terror stalked the waterfront

New revelations in a saga of stirring battle . . The fight with the Syndicate of Death

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Among Murder, Inc.'s lieutenants in Brooklyn were "Happy" Maione, whose sidekick was "Dasher" Abbandando, and "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss. Examples of their methods were given in Liberty last week. In May, 1937, a small-time gangster named George Rudnick was suspected of having "sung." Abbandando hunted Rudnick down and took him to a garage, where he silenced him by strangling and Strauss riddled him with an ice pick, Maione finishing off the job with a meat cleaver.

Two stubborn young members of a plasterers' union proved harder to get at than Rudnick. They lived in a snug cellar and had a watchdog. Maione eventually dressed up as a girl and paraded before their window. When they opened the door, he and Abbandando shot them and Gurino killed their dog.

It was on January 1, 1940, that Bill O'Dwyer took office as District Attorney. At the time he had no idea that a murder-for-hire organization existed in Brooklyn. Born in Ireland, he had been a stevedore, a hod carrier, a cop, a lawyer, a city magistrate, a county judge. Though by no means revengeful, he may well have had a personal interest in the apprehension and prosecution of gangster killers, for in 1934 two of them, shooting at a detective, had hit and killed his younger brother, and then grief had shortened the life of his mother in Ireland.

PART THREE—THE KING OF THE HARBOR FRINGE

WE have seen Murder, Inc., in action. We have seen Bill O'Dwyer in repose, or as near as Bill ever gets to it.

Now let's get a look at Bill in action. Let's go down with him to the water front—the same water front he once trod as a rookie cop—and see what he has done to Albert Anastasia, so-called King of the Harbor Fringe.

We don't see Al, for he is currently "on the lam." The moment he heard that Bill O'Dwyer was out to get Murder, Inc., Al was out to get himself to a place of safety beyond Bill O'Dwyer's reach.

As a matter of fact, we wouldn't have seen Al very near the water front even in the golden days of his reign, when his word not only was law among Brooklyn longshoremen but seemed to be above the law with many Brooklyn officials.

Big Al Anastasia—called Big partly because of his importance in the criminal kingdom, partly because he measured more physical inches than most of the squat little men in this story of organized crime—was no frowzy habitué of a waterside saloon; he was a debonair, fashionably dressed, not unhandsome member of the New York race-track set. He was a familiar figure at Belmont and Saratoga, a sporting character of note.

Why should this immaculate creature risk getting his clothes mussed in a harbor brawl? Why should he risk hurting his carefully manicured hands hitting one man when he could hire a dozen hands to hit a dozen men, or a hundred, or as many as need be?

Not that Al's knowledge of crime was strictly academic. He did not need to acquire skill in marksmanship, as Maione and Abbandando were said to have done, at the shooting range maintained for the purpose by Murder, Inc., at Newburgh, New York. He had already had his years of training in the manual arts of murder as taught by the school of criminal experience. In fact, he may be said to have attained the highest honors conferred by that school: he was a graduate of the death house at Sing Sing.

He and his chief executive assistant, one Joseph Florina, now also "on the lam," were convicted of a particularly messy murder back in their less sophisticated days, and spent sixteen months in the death house awaiting execution before Anastasia's expensive lawyers finally got them a new trial—at which the two key witnesses, whose testimony had brought about the conviction, were mysteriously unable to be present. (So far as is known, those two have never since then been able to

be present anywhere on this earth.)

Whereupon Anastasia and his assistant Joseph Florina went back to their job of terrorizing the Brooklyn waterside.

For years Al ran the water-front labor-union racket from a swank Brooklyn hotel. Then, as he grew stronger and richer and bolder, he built himself a mansion on Ocean Parkway, an impressively handsome brick-and-tile affair with corner windows and all the latest gadgets, including an expensive blue awning above a well shielded upper porch, where he received on special occasions his quick-triggered henchmen.

Most of his "business," however, was done at his club, an institution which was destined to loom large in O'Dwyer's investigation of Murder, Inc. Today its drawn curtains and other signs of complete unoccupancy indicate its fall from whatever high estate it may once have attained. Right now we are interested, as O'Dwyer was when he went back to the water front after all those years since he had patrolled it as a cop, in seeing what happened to Peter Panto, the longshoremen's friend.

"Alice," said Panto to his sweetheart when he kissed her good night on the evening of July 14, "I have an appointment with a couple of men I don't trust. If I'm not back by ten o'clock tomorrow morning, notify the police."

PETER was not back by ten the next morning. He has never been back. Alice Maffia promptly notified the police. More than that, she wrote a letter which stated in a few simple words the situation which had come to exist along the docks as the result of Anastasia's dominance of four locals of the longshoremen's union.

"Peter tried to help longshoremen," she wrote; "to save them from gangsters on the water front, to break the kickback system, and to make the union a better one for the men. The men wanted to go his way because they knew his way was the right way and he was for them. That is why he was taken away."

District Attorney O'Dwyer started immediately a far-reaching inquiry into Peter Panto's disappearance. A tip that his body had been taken all the way to New Jersey and thrown into the Passaic River resulted in a thorough dredging of that stream. Other clues were followed up in the same painstaking manner. O'Dwyer has not given up the search. He is not the giving-up kind. But all signs point to the fact that this young opponent of Albert Anastasia has been rubbed out.

Also it became inescapably evident that the probable reason for Peter Panto's disappearance had been accurately stated by Alice Maffia, his grieving fiancée.

The kickback system against which he fought was a method employed by Anastasia to force every longshoreman in the unions which he controlled to turn over, ostensibly to the union but actually to him and his associates, fractions of their weekly pay, which sometimes ran as high as fifty per cent.

Panto, an eloquent young orator who had a large following among the longshoremen, had fought hard within the union ranks against this. A fanatic in his devotion to the rights of the laboring man, he had been heard to swear that he would rid the longshoremen's locals of racketeers or die in the attempt.

"If your Honor please, I am presenting this witness for two reasons!"

If he did die in the attempt, he did not die in vain. Bill O'Dwyer, a man who has shown the same stalwart devotion to labor's cause, but who has both poise and position with which to make that devotion effective, has taken up the fight right where Peter Panto was forced to let it drop, and has succeeded where Panto might never have been able to.

The first thing Bill did was to call for the books of the four union locals found to be under gangster domination.

There weren't any books. No records had been kept of income or outgo. Investigation showed that sometimes the kickback from the longshoremen's pay envelopes never got into the union treasury at all. When it did, one of Anastasia's lieutenants would appear at union headquarters, ascertain how much of this money was in the bank, and wait while the obedient union official ran over to the bank, drew out most of the balance, and came back to pay it over to him in cash.

Sometimes the thug didn't bother to investigate the state of the union's bank account. He would simply appear at the headquarters and say, "Get me twenty-five hundred dollars and be quick about it!" And unlucky was the official who failed to comply.

To maintain this system, Anastasia's men conducted a veritable reign of terror, in which drawn guns often spoke louder than words. Chief collector and chief intimidator was an Anastasia agent whose real name was Anthony Romeo but who was known along the docks as Tony Spring.

"Tony," according to Bill O'Dwyer, "never said much. He never made any threats to members of his local. Whenever he wanted to impress them, he would engage in a little fancy target practice. He usually carried a pistol, but for greater effect he would occasionally show up on the docks with a sawed-off rifle.

WHEN he appeared with the rifle everybody knew there was going to be a show. 'Get me some chickens,' he would order. Four or five live chickens would be brought from a near-by market and Tony would have them turned loose. If they didn't run he would throw stones at them to get them started. Then the rifle would go into action. One by one Tony would shoot them through the head. Then he would strip his teeth in a grin and invite some of the longshoremen to take the chickens home for dinner.

"That sort of demonstration was enough to leave the average longshoreman terror-sticken for weeks."

Fantastic as this situation may seem to those of us who live our lives far from the water fronts of great cities, it was nothing new to Bill O'Dwyer. To be sure, the Brooklyn harborside in Bill's time as a cop was largely under government control. The great gas company plants along the shore were busy manufacturing, out of coconut shells and peach pits and cohune nuts from South America, toluol, which was the essential second T of the dread war explosive T. N. T. And the near-by docks were being used almost exclusively for loading the vessels of all nations with supplies for the Allies. Bill's job as a rookie cop consisted largely of guiding A. W. O. L. sailors of these various nationalities to their proper ships. And he was exceedingly good at it.

In mentioning—or has it been mentioned?—that Bill had sailed before the mast on transatlantic and coastwise vessels, that he had worked as a stevedore all along the South American and North American coast, that he had carried hod on many a New York skyscraper, and that he had been a cop before he became a

lawyer and a judge, we may have overlooked another side of Bill's career which has helped him no end in dealing with this polyglot group which comprises Murder, Inc.

His parents were both schoolteachers with high ideals for their children's education, and before any of the other interesting events occurred in his many-sided career, Bill, the oldest of eleven, had taken a two-year course at the University of Salamanca in Spain. He had become an authority on the Spanish Inquisition and on Spanish music. Above all, he had become an accomplished linguist who spoke with equal ease English, Gaelic, French, Spanish, and Portuguese.

But to get back to the water front: Bill wasn't half so surprised, having been a longshoreman himself as well as a dock policeman, that life on the Brooklyn harborside was no Sunday-school picnic. He recognized the situation for what it was, and knew how to deal with it. He sent for Joe Ryan, big chief of the longshoremen's unions in these parts, and spoke in effect as follows:

"Joe, you and I have been friends for years. You know my interest in the longshoremen. You know I don't want to do anything that will make it hard for you or for your people. But you've got a condition down on our Brooklyn docks that probably you don't know anything about. . . ."

Then he told the big labor chief the story that we have just heard. Ryan looked into the situation and found it just as O'Dwyer had told him: one local as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth, with books in order and money in bank; four locals rotten with graft.

RYAN, too, is a man of action. There is only one local now, and that local is right: a credit to the union and to the community. There is no intimidation on the docks today, no kickback of hard-earned wages, no fear of murder in the night. And Bill O'Dwyer's name is linked with that of Father Curran, the waterfront "angel," in the blessings of the longshoremen.

"At last we have a friend we can talk to," said one of the men. "Between District Attorney O'Dwyer and Father Curran, we have nothing to fear any more."

The story of Al Anastasia might have ended there if Al had been just a common marauding wharf rat; but he wasn't. The tip-off on just what he was did not come until District Attorney O'Dwyer was well into his investigation of the apparently unrelated activities of Murder, Inc., and had obtained his first important confessions.

The first of the chain-store killers to come clean to the judge did not involve any of the really big shots of Murder, Inc., but his story indicated clearly that there *were* such big shots, for whom the littler shots did the dirty work on a cash-and-

Get after a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica! *

MOM: Hear that? All Junior wants is a dog. We've got to get over to those kennels Sunday—kerchoo!—before all the puppies are picked over. Kerchoo!

POP: You mean we've got to do something for that cold you're catching or you'll be in bed till Christmas. What you need is some fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

MOM: You say—Sal Hepatica helps fast?

POP: It's fast *two* ways. First, it acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour—and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies a cold.*

MOM: It's the grandest Christmas! Thanks to you, I threw off my cold in time for us to get the pick of the kennels!

POP: Better thank Sal Hepatica, dear. For speedy action in fighting colds, it's a marvel!

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

carry basis. In short, it disclosed the existence of the kind of murder-for-hire organization which we now know Murder, Inc., to have been.

That handy fellow with the ice pick, Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, who contributed so generously—fifty-four stabs—to the rubbing out of George Rudnick, had a protégé named Walter Sage, whom he had initiated into the ways of the Brownsville troop of which Strauss was a leading figure. Sage learned quickly.

"He was like one of us," another Brownsville trooper remarked, "hanging around the street corners, making a living this way and that."

So Pittsburgh Phil, well pleased with his handiwork, cut young Walter in on a private slot-machine racket, which he was permitted by the big bosses to operate as a means of augmenting his $250-a-week salary as expert wielder of the ice pick. Then Sage proceeded to violate one of the syndicate's first rules by holding out on his partner in crime. Strauss's share of the take became distressingly small, and for the honor of good old Brownsville something had to be done about it.

SAGE was persuaded to take a vacation in Sullivan County, New York, which was by way of being Murder, Inc.'s principal rural branch. There, in the lovely Catskills, on the shores of lakes which shine like deep-toned sapphires in a setting of grass-green jade, the murder boys gamboled with their girls and, as occasion offered, continued their routine work of systematized homicide.

Hospitable Lena Frosch had a cottage at White Lake. Lena, you may recall, was the fat lady who was always going to sleep in court while Bill O'Dwyer's able young assistants were arraigning her and some of her family for their alleged crimes and misdemeanors. But there was nothing sleepy about Lena when there was a case to "fix" or a bail bond to fabricate.

"For years," said Bill O'Dwyer, "the bail-bond fixing department of the mob was in the hands of Lena Frosch."

A very special friend of Pittsburgh Phil was Evelyn Mittleman, most glamorous of all the Murder, Inc., trulls, who has long been known to the police as "the kiss-of-death girl."

When the Mittleman girl was seventeen, her California admirer, Hymie Miller, was killed by a man who claimed that Hymie had "insulted" her. All went well for a little while. Then her deliverer also "insulted" her. She was saved again by a gallant named Goldstein. And when Goldstein—no relation to Buggsy—fell likewise into evil ways and likewise "insulted" this most insultable of mobster molls, Pittsburgh Phil took over. After killing Goldstein, he clasped the poor girl to his heart and his ice pick.

For five years Evelyn had been Strauss's girl, but during this period of apparent retirement from the marts of insult, she had not been idle. A statuesque brunette, whose symmetrical figure was well suited to posing on springboards against a background of the shimmering waters of mountain lakes, Evelyn was a frequent visitor to Sullivan County;

"You better check the projection booth for sound. Marlene Dietrich just fired a twelve-gun salute."

and it was often remarked among the lesser fry of the vacationing murderers that her visits were frequently accompanied or immediately followed by the rubbing out of one of their little fun-loving group.

So frequent were these rub-outs that Police Inspector Ernest Maynard told District Attorney O'Dwyer that upstate farmers were "scared to plow their land because they're afraid of turning up a body from Brooklyn."

Whether the novice, Walter Sage, was familiar with the folklore of the lovely spot which had been selected for his vacation, or whether he went to his fate unknowing, he cannot tell us now, and none of those still alive who might tell seems inclined to do so. Anyhow, Sage went to White Lake, and there Pittsburgh Phil and two other Murder, Inc., operatives took him for a ride along a lonely country road and set upon him with their ice picks.

In the mix-up Pittsburgh Phil is said inadvertently to have stabbed one of the gangsters in the back, and this gangster, knowing the ways of the mob and thinking that he too was being double-crossed, leaped from the car into the woods, and never stopped running.

Strauss and the other thug—according to O'Dwyer's informant—then finished off Sage with the picks, stowed his dead body in the baggage compartment of the car, drove to Swan Lake, and not too gently lowered the body into its sylvan depths. As a final gesture toward a certain sort of sublimation, the weight tied to Sage's body to keep it from coming to the surface was one of his own slot machines! One thug was actually indicted for this murder, but on trial was acquitted by a jury.

The important part of this story, from the standpoint of O'Dwyer's investigation, was his informant's disclosure that all concerned were doing this job as part of their regular duties as employees of Murder, Inc., and for prices that ranged from Strauss's $250 a week to one dollar net, the sum realized by the youthful driver of the murder car.

A SECOND case, also involving the rustic pursuits of the murder syndicate, was more illuminative, because the victim was known to be an extortion collector for Lepke, the notorious Manhattan labor-union racketeer active in the men's clothing and other manufacturing fields.

Hyman Yuran, this Lepke collector, was suspected of "singing" to Dewey, the same charge which had brought George Rudnick to his messy fate. There is no use going into all the details. It is enough to know that most of the so-called big shots with whose names we are already familiar, betook themselves to pastures green in the vicinity of Loch Sheldrake Inn, a well known Catskill resort hotel in Sullivan County.

Yuran they located in a near-by café, around which they deployed themselves. When Hyman wandered forth he was disposed of in the usual manner. Then came the question of what should be done with the body. Sixty-pound slot machines as anchors had proved unreliable. In two weeks' time the carcass of Walter Sage had worked its way loose and risen to the top to plague his slayers. So this time they dug a four-feet-deep grave close to a luxurious swimming pool, filled it with quicklime, and lowered the body of Hyman Yuran into it.

A neat feature of this Murder, Inc., operation, showing a steady improvement in technique, was the fact that one of the crooks, while his mates were digging the grave, staged a petting party with a girl in a car parked just far enough away to

divert the attention of any passing constable!

The link between the Brownsville killers and the higher-up labor racketeers in this case was further shown by the apprehension of a Brownsville-born Lepke lieutenant who had acted as contact man between the Manhattan chiefs and the Brownsville killers, who, on their part, had straightway consulted their own chief and, with his consent, gone ahead with the killing.

This much, then, had been established: The Brooklyn murderers worked for hire, and the men who hired them were—in some cases, at least—labor-union racketeers from outside of Brooklyn.

One question now engaged Bill O'Dwyer's attention during his every waking hour: Who was this mysterious chief in Brooklyn whose say-so was necessary before these orders for murder could be executed?

The boys who were doing the confessing to O'Dwyer could not tell him. They simply executed with unquestioning obedience the contracts handed them by the men in the syndicate who ranked just above them.

Sooner or later one of the latter, Bill O'Dwyer felt sure, would talk. And finally one of them did.

"Sure, I killed eleven men," the man told O'Dwyer. "Joey Silvers, and Plug Schuman, and Jack Paley, and a fellow by the name of Ferasco, and—"

"Why did you commit these murders?" interrupted O'Dwyer.

"We did it for Albert Anastasia," he said. "Albert was our boss, the big guy in the outfit."

THEN Bill O'Dwyer knew that the disappearance of Peter Panto was no isolated case of water-front brigandage; that other labor-racketeering killings, like the one which was apparently perpetrated in the Ferreri case, were no chance killings; that the contracts were contracts for cold-blooded, premeditated murder.

In short, he knew, as a result of these confessions, that he was at last on the way to the top man of the whole syndicate of death.

And how did he get these confessions?

Well, that is a question which goes straight to the heart of the whole investigation; uncovers at one stroke the methods Bill O'Dwyer employed to ferret out these organized killers and start them on their way to the Sing Sing hot seat.

If any man was qualified to investigate crime along a water front, Bill O'Dwyer certainly was that man! But how was he to put his knowledge to use? How, for instance, was he to trace the killing of young "Red" Alpert to a Murder, Inc., lieutenant called Kid Twist? And how did he ever get Kid Twist to "sing"? It's a true story of crime and punishment that eclipses most fiction ones—and it's going to be told in Liberty next week!

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When it comes lik

She glared back resentfully until she remembered the hat.

BY ELEANORE GRIFFIN

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT was the kind of night that could happen only in a country that comes alive in the spring to the accompaniment of small rivers chortling in the gutters, the smell of melting snow, the blooming of daffodils in florists' windows, and strange and lovely promises that summer wouldn't keep. Everything was exciting—even the moon with a wisp of cloud trailing from its wistful newness as if it were the tissue paper in which it had come wrapped. Everything was exciting, Winifred realized dully, except her feeling for the man to whom she was saying good night, the man she would be marrying in two weeks.

His name was Kenneth—Kenneth L. Wells. He was nice and quite nice-looking, though at that moment Winifred thought, a bit unfairly, that he wore the expression of a wary and over-bright fox terrier. That was because he was computing the cost of the evening's entertainment. On Saturdays and Sundays he paid for everything, but on weekday nights they went fifty-fifty. That was fair enough, he had decreed, since she worked and they had definite plans and a future to look to. And Winifred had acquiesced.

Sally, the apartment-house cat, came from somewhere out of the darkness and rubbed against Winifred's ankles in a pretty display of slavish adoration. She had come to rely on Winifred to admit her to the comparative but forbidden luxury of the divan in the entrance hall.

"Hi, Sally," Winifred greeted; but simultaneously Kenneth made a hissing noise particularly distressing to feline eardrums and said, "Sixty-five for dinner and forty for the movie. That's a dollar five you owe me."

"Hey!" Winifred protested as Sally bolted. "What did you say to her in cat language?" Then, meekly, since Kenneth never answered foolish or irrelevant questions: "My credit good until Wednesday?"

"Winifred"—Kenneth spoke sternly and with a forced note of incredulity—"you're not broke again?"

Her head drooped in guilt and ad-

Lightning, it's Love

A fire, a fight, a miracle at midnight!
The gay story of an unexpected romance

mission. She didn't tell him about the hat — the ridiculous, adorable, madly romantic hat with the blue velvet ribbons that tied under her chin. Even as she paid for it, parting not only with all that remained of this week's pay check but dipping recklessly into the future, she wondered where she would ever wear it.

Kenneth didn't kiss her good night. He hadn't intended to anyhow, because he had a slight cold and a praiseworthy reluctance to spread germs. But he wanted her to think that the omission was born of hurt at her willful improvidence.

As he moved away in his small nicely kept coupé, Winifred raised her eyes once more to the slim curve of the new moon before she closed the door on the disturbing night and started up to her apartment.

On the second-floor landing she paused. Music — a violin, a piano,

For a moment they stared at each other. Then she was in his arms.

and an accordion—laughter, excited voices, and rich and pungent smells were issuing from the big front apartment that domiciled the Polos: Papa and Mama Polo, and Rosa, Luigi, Enrico, Maria, and little Tony. And then Mr. Polo appeared in the doorway beaming expansively and beckoning.

Winifred had pleaded that it was late, that she had to go to work in the morning, that she was tired; but before she knew how it had come about she was in a room full of friendly, volatile, dark-skinned people with white teeth and liquid eyes who were toasting Papa and Mama Polo in claret, chianti, and even champagne and wishing them another twenty years and more of the connubial bliss. Even Rosa, Luigi, Enrico, and Maria were armed with glasses of red wine, and little Tony held aloft a chicken leg and a violently pink cake. Over her protests a stout man with a diamond ring immediately refilled Winifred's glass.

And then Papa Polo was motioning every one to silence. He put his arm around the green satin shoulder of Mama Polo and drew her close to him.

"Twenty-one years ago in Milano," he related with emotion, "I see for the first time the beautiful Rosa Ginessi. She was opening the windows of her father's house. And something happened that was like thunder and lightning, and I stop steel as a statue and I say to myself, 'Antonio, there she ees! You are looking at the future Signora Antonio Polo.' My Rosa, I learn, has a fiancé, reech and weeth a store all hees own and an automobile. But nothing stop me. I chase her until she geev een . . ."

MAMA POLO, all aglow, nodded delightedly at his words, the gold rings in her ears flashing. Mama Polo was fat — already the seams were parting in the festive green satin gown—but she was beautiful as she gazed at Papa Polo.

"He means I chase heem," Mama Polo interrupted, her wonderful eyes rolling coquettishly. "I see my man and I know that it was meant to be. From that day I never let heem out of my thoughts, my sight, my heart. And eef I was meeting heem for the first time in thees room tonight, weeth hees hair not so black and"—delicately Mama Polo sketched the convex contours of Papa Polo—"I would chase heem all over again."

There were cheers and bravos and kissing and tears, and Winifred was conscious of the man with the diamond ring filling her glass again. And she stared at Papa and Mama Polo, remembering the battles that sometimes raged in the big front apartment, and thought about herself and Kenneth and the way they had met.

She was still thinking about it as she made her escape from the unabashed and growing sentimentality of the Polo anniversary party.

Maybe it was the wine that the man with the diamond ring kept pouring into her glass, but as she turned the key in the door of her own small apartment it occurred to her with devastating force that no flash of lightning had marked her first meeting with Kenneth Wells.

Kenneth was an accountant for a firm on the floor below the office of the realtors where she was employed, and as a side line he made out income-tax reports. Winifred had been sent downstairs with a bundle of canceled checks belonging to the senior partner in the realty company, and there was Kenneth sitting neatly and efficiently behind his desk. He barely glanced up from the orderly little battalions of black and red figures

ELEANORE GRIFFIN

was born in Minnesota. Her early ambition was to be a movie star and when her family moved to Hollywood she did get work as an extra. Then she sold her first story and decided to write instead of act. She loves animals, likes fortune-tellers and gypsies.

that marched at his direction across the pages of the open ledger.

There was a discrepancy in the senior partner's statement and he and Winifred worked it out together. She hadn't even considered whether she liked him or not. When he first suggested that they have dinner together, she experienced no surge of elation. Nor did the breathless feeling come when evenings together became the regular routine. And she was calmly, stonily aware of its absence. Nor did she delude herself that Kenneth considered her beautiful and glamorous, but rather a pleasant, mousy, and usually fairly sensible little person. Yet, when he asked her to marry him she had practically snapped him up. Again Winifred attempted no self-deception. It was a long story, best told by saying she was afraid—afraid of growing old without a man, like the aunt who had raised her—desperately afraid of that kind of loneliness.

She threw open the windows and the night came crowding in, more potent and insidious than the wine. Deliberately she crossed over to the small desk that was part of the conventional furnishings of a single apartment, and drew out a sheet of the stationery that had been her Christmas present to herself and had her name, Winifred Byron, printed on it. Kenneth had pronounced the stationery an extravagance because before she had used it all her name would be Winifred Wells—or, more properly, Mrs. Kenneth Wells. And now she was writing Kenneth that that wasn't going to happen.

When she had finished the rather reckless, meandering little note, she sealed it, addressed it, and there was a stamp in the drawer which proved that she was traveling the path of her destiny.

It was the night and the wine, of course, but when she went out to mail the letter so that Kenneth would get it the first thing in the morning she was wearing with her sensible little navy-blue coat the hat with the sky-blue ribbons that tied under her chin. It was the worst possible combination, the worst possible taste; but she felt beautiful and exciting and unconquerable . . . like Scarlett O'Hara on her way to the barbecue in the opening chapters of the book.

The mood lasted until she had dropped the letter in the box, observed that it would be picked up in an hour, and turned homeward.

The slim young moon was gone. The wisp of cloud that had clung to it so tenderly had suddenly turned dark and ominous. The warmth of the wine faded away and Winifred shivered. The clock struck twelve. The spell was broken . . . and the realization of what she had done swept over her.

SUDDENLY she wasn't a *femme fatale* fulfilling her destiny. She was no longer ruthless, defiant, irresistible—one whom life came courting. She was a brainless, vacillating, rather cheap little idiot who had let three glasses of wine and a dash of Latin emotionalism go to her head, with the result that she had broken the link that meant security—the precious link that ensured her against a makeshift existence like her Aunt Myrtle's. Maybe Kenneth hadn't come riding on a white charger with plumes in his helmet, but . . .

In a panic, Winifred turned. The things she'd said in that crazy letter—about thunder and lightning and moonbeams, and the way Mama Polo had looked at Papa Polo after twenty years, and Rosa and Luigi and Enrico and Maria and little Tony. And how she didn't believe in insurance, or having a physical check-up once a year, or remembering just how much of every dollar earned belonged to you and how much to Uncle Sam, or eight hours' sleep every night. Her cheeks grew hot with shame. She had to get that letter back! She'd heard that once a letter was in the box it wasn't your propery any more—but that rule couldn't hold this time.

When she got back to the mailbox, a young man was standing there, his jaw outthrust, staring grimly straight ahead.

And then, just to show how unpredictable and unworthy of trust is a spring night, the sky was cleft by lightning and there was the distant rumble of thunder.

The young man turned and cast an unfriendly and suspicious glance at Winifred, who had resolutely taken up her post at the opposite side of the box, and then looked again, as if he couldn't quite accept what his eyes told him.

Winifred glared back resentfully until she remembered the *hat*. What would any one think of a girl standing on a street corner after midnight in late February, wearing a straw

hat almost as big as an umbrella, trimmed idyllically with pink rosebuds and tied under her chin with blue velvet ribbons? She knew that she had to say something in her own defense just to keep the young man from thinking what no one could blame him for thinking.

"Believe it or not," she began, instantly wishing that by a more discriminate choice of words she had avoided the pitfall of a tacky old gag, "I'm waiting for the mailman."

"How romantic!" the young man murmured wearily, politely, and downright nastily. "Believe it or not, so am I. You may even recall that I was here first."

WINIFRED drew herself up to the full majesty of her five feet two inches. She stared at the young man haughtily and furiously. "I can't conceive what difference it makes who was here first," she said slowly and distinctly, "or why I should feel called upon to explain that on an impulse I wrote a letter which should never have been written and I mean to remain here until I have recovered it. If you are waiting to pass the time with the mailman, I'm sure I don't mind."

"That's very generous of you," he conceded.

"I forgot to mention," Winifred continued grandly, "that the person to whom I wrote the letter is my fiancé."

That should show him, unless he was too obtuse, how interested she was in any young man she might meet on a street corner! She looked up at the clock on the tower of a building across the street. There was still forty-five minutes to wait until the mailman was due.

The young man was looking at her—or rather attempting to peer beneath the brim of her hat. Winifred turned her wide blue eyes on him defiantly. He was very good-looking, as young men came . . . and went. Tall, with dark hair, a lean chin and a really extraordinary nose.

"Your fiancé? That's funny. My case is almost the same."

"Really?" Winifred echoed, adopting a tone of polite incredulity. "You mean *you* have a fiancée? And you wrote her a letter?"

He didn't sound at all superior or smart-alecky now. He sounded confused and hurt. "I did have a fiancée a couple of hours ago," he said, "and I'm hoping, when I get the letter back, I'll have one again."

"If she doesn't know about the letter," Winifred pointed out, "you still have a fiancée, haven't you?"

"Oh, the letter wasn't written to her. It was a letter about a job in Burma . . . but I guess you wouldn't be interested."

"I'd be terribly interested," Winifred contradicted flatly, ". . . in Burma."

He looked at her doubtfully. "Would you?" he asked. "Why?"

Of course it was the spring again and a bit of a hangover from the Polo anniversary, but she found herself answering inanely: "Oh, I don't know. Temple bells and jasmine . . . and Kipling . . . and . . ."

"It *is* like that," he interrupted eagerly, "but Arline won't see it." Then, as if seeking justification for his recalcitrant fiancée, "Of course Arline is beautiful and popular and she enjoys friends and parties and being admired . . . but are you really interested?"

Arline, Winifred decided, wasn't the kind of girl who would pay her half of a dinner check or for her seat in a movie. "I'm interested," she told him rather snippily. "Besides, it's more than forty minutes until we can get our letters back. It won't seem so long if we talk."

"That's right," he agreed—almost eagerly and gratefully. "Anyhow, I have this chance to go to Burma to do a big job—a bridge between two mountains. It would take almost three years. Arline said that was forever and that I had to decide between her . . ."

". . . and the bridge between two mountains," Winifred cut in.

He nodded. "Between the two mountains is a lake that turns red as rubies when the sun goes down. And there are little boats with golden sails . . ."

"But you chose Arline." Funny how casually she managed her name when she didn't even know his.

"I thought I chose the job," he confessed, "until I mailed the letter telling them I accepted, and then I suddenly realized that I was giving up Arline—for a job. You see," he went on, as if straightening it all out for himself, "Arline really loves me, but she has a right to live her life the way that makes her happy—to set her own values."

"What will you do here?"

He shrugged. "I have a job—doing the golf course at the White Oaks Country Club. And after that there'll be something else."

"You'll get your letter back," Winifred told him, "and then everything will be the way it was."

"And you?" he asked.

"I was breaking my engagement," she said briefly. "But when I get my letter back everything will be the way it was for me, too."

"Lovers' quarrel?" he asked.

BEFORE she could answer there was the wail of a siren and a red squad car shot past them. And then came the fire engines and hook-and-ladder trucks.

"Do you want to follow them?" he asked. "We have plenty of time and I think a good fire is just what tonight calls for."

Winifred was aware that he was holding her tightly by the wrist—completely unconsciously, of course—as he led her to the car that was parked at the curb. It was a roadster with the top down — bigger and newer than Kenneth's coupé but not so nicely kept. It needed a wash and there was a dented fender.

As they tore down the street in the wake of the screaming sirens and clanging bells the floppy brim of Winifred's hat flew back, and while she held on to it he grinned at her—a friendly grin, as if this chasing fire engines together was rare sport.

It was a lumber yard. The old night watchman who had turned in the alarm stood in the front line of spectators, holding a cat. He and the cat had been the only ones in the yard when the fire started.

"Since every one's safely out and the place is certainly insured," Winifred said, "I might as well enjoy myself."

Again he grinned at her. "Do you always have to talk yourself into having a good time?"

Winifred didn't answer—because with Kenneth you more or less did have to convince yourself that it was all right to have steak, if steak was what you craved, when liver and bacon, just as nourishing, was twenty-five cents less on the menu. She pretended to gaze high in the sky where the leaping flames were fighting it out with the relentless white streams the firemen were sending against them, but out of the corner of her eye she watched him. He was scratching the ears of the night watchman's grizzled old tomcat.

DO you like cats?" she asked almost disapprovingly. Though she adored them, Kenneth abhorred them—as seemed meet and manly.

"Sure," he said. "They've got character. I had a cat in Burma who went everywhere with me. Rode in my flivver just like a dog. Why, for two months once I had nobody else to talk to."

Winifred smiled wryly. Arline, in her trailing hostess gowns, wouldn't exactly sparkle in a good three-cornered conversation with a cat. Anyhow, any tomcat worth a can of sardines could see right through Arline. She shook herself impatiently. Why was she building up this case against Arline? Nevertheless, she couldn't resist inquiring innocently: "Is he still out there—your cat?"

"Yes," he said gruffly. "I left him a case of salmon and a case of condensed milk."

"It will have to last him a long time," she observed softly.

And then the forces of evil fell back before the forces of good, and the fire was over.

"How about a cup of coffee?" he said. "And maybe a sandwich?"

They stopped at a little one-arm place patronized by taxi and truck drivers.

"What's he like—this fellow you're going to marry?" he inquired—just a whit contemptuously, Winifred thought. So she told him all about Kenneth, coloring the portrait and building him up wherever she could because he had made such a point of Arline's beauty and popularity. And she told him about the Polos—and the way Mama Polo looked at Papa Polo after twenty years.

He made no comment. He paid for the coffee and the hamburgers and they drove back in heavy silence to keep their watch by the letter box.

But, as they drew up at the curb, Winifred turned just in time to discover him attempting to peer beneath the brim of her hat. She noticed that he was frowning.

Lightning flashed and thunder murmured far away. The world seemed to be standing still, awaiting some major wonder or catastrophe that revolved about the two of them. For a moment they stared at each other in surprise and bewilderment. Then she was in his arms, and she found herself thinking as she returned his kiss that no matter what happened she could never be exactly like her Aunt Myrtle, because she would always have this to remember.

But it was Winifred who pulled herself free . . . because all at once it hurt too much to be just a girl he had picked up on a street corner and kissed the night that he threw away an opportunity that would never come again because there was a girl called Arline who couldn't stand three years alone with him away from compliments and cocktail parties.

She straightened her hat, jerked the ridiculous bow under her chin tighter, and, because she couldn't look at him, she raised her eyes to the clock in the tower of the building. She made a little smothered sound as she pointed to it and burst into tears. Half an hour had passed since the mailman had borne away their letters.

HE said something under his breath —something angry and unintelligible and directed at her. Winifred's anger flared anew. He was blaming her! He had the unbelievable effrontery!

"You can send your old company a telegram," she stormed, "and you still have your precious Arline. But what about me? All the telegrams in the world wouldn't explain away that stupid letter I wrote to Kenneth."

He looked at her coldly—a venomous kind of coldness. "I'll drive you to your home," he said. "Ladies don't walk the streets alone at two o'clock in the morning."

"I presume you are basing your conclusions on the impeccable habits of Arline?"

"Not entirely," he answered, starting the car forward with a violent lurch. "But speaking of Arline, she wouldn't be found dead wearing that hat at two o'clock in the morning in the middle of February."

Winifred gasped. She pressed her hands to her throat to hold back her rage. He was probably comparing her kisses with Arline's. "And Kenneth," she hissed when she had sufficiently recovered her strength, "would never make such a fool of himself as to write a half-cocked letter of acceptance to the officials of a company who had paid him the compliment of wanting to hire him, and then send a telegram informing them he had changed his mind—that he didn't want to build bridges between mountains, he liked golf courses better . . ."

"Shut up!" he requested succinctly. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

"I know this much," she raged. "I've lost Kenneth! Lost him while I listened to you talk about red lakes and golden sails and a cat who was such a friend of yours!"

THEY careened around a corner, and there they were in front of her apartment building. But he couldn't let her out properly at the curb, because an excited little group was gathered around a patrol wagon. Tenants were hanging from every window in the building, and from within Winifred fancied she heard shrill lamentations. A moment later Papa Polo appeared, marching in the firm grip of three determined-appearing police officers.

Papa Polo looked very unhappy. There were three long bright red marks running from his eye to his chin and his handsome new necktie was twisted around until it hung from beneath his ear.

Winifred jumped out of the car without waiting to be helped. "What happened?" she demanded of a woman who stood hugging a bathrobe around her.

The woman shrugged. "Nothin' new. They had an argument and he started beatin' up on her. I guess they'd 'a' murdered each other if somebody hadn't called the cops."

Winifred drew a deep breath as they loaded Papa Polo into the patrol, and said so loudly that a certain party who hadn't bothered to get out of his car couldn't help but hear, "I hope they put the Polos in jail for the rest of their lives. They're a menace to civilization." Then she glanced toward the roadster. "Oh, good night," she said lightly, as if she had just remembered his existence. "Thank you so much for bringing me home—for protecting me."

He nodded ironically and the roadster shot forward as if catapulted in the wake of the screaming patrol that was carrying off Papa Polo.

While Winifred stood looking after him, the little crowd that had gathered returned to their beds and she was all alone. She turned and was about to enter the apartment building, from which she should never have strayed, when she was all but knocked down by a vital force that came charging out. It was Mama Polo, still in the shreds of the festive green satin, holding a piece of raw beef to one eye and weeping gigantic tears with the other.

"Why, Mrs. Polo!" Winifred gasped when she had regained her balance. "Where are you going?"

But Mama Polo shook herself free of Winifred's restraining hands. "My man! My husband of twenty years! My beautiful sweetheart! Where deed they take heem?"

"They took him to jail where he belongs," Winifred told her sternly. "Look what he did to your eye! How can you care what happened to him?"

Blistering contempt blazed from Mama Polo's uninjured optic. "A lot you know!" she fairly spat. "I see you with your young man. Pah! Like so much milk and water, the two of you! What would you know about a man like my Antonio?"

From far off sounded the banshee-like cry of the police siren. Mama Polo cocked an ear. "Antonio!" she cried, and started running down the street. "Antonio! I am coming!"

After a moment Winifred started to run after her. She wanted to tell Mama Polo that she *did* know . . . only it could never be as it was with her and Papa Polo, because sometimes only one person saw the lightning flash, only one person heard the rumble of thunder. And then she knew that she wasn't really running after Mama Polo at all. She was running after a man who hadn't bothered to find out her name.

As her steps faltered she was aware of a car approaching very fast from the opposite direction taken by the patrol. It stopped in the middle of the street with a savage screeching of brakes. Some one got out and plunged toward her. For a fleeting instant Winifred tasted fear. Maybe now she was going to find out what happened to young women who were out on the streets unescorted in the small hours of the morning.

AND then he was standing before her, holding both her hands very tightly. "Listen," he said, "and believe me. I didn't mean what I said about that hat. It's true that Arline wouldn't be found dead in it at two o'clock on a morning in February—because Arline isn't you. When I first looked at you I thought I must be dreaming—or that you were the ghost of a lovely shepherdess. It's a beautiful hat. It's the kind of hat men write songs about. It's the kind of hat a girl should wear to fall in love . . . to be kissed . . . to be married . . ." He took one long look at her and abruptly dropped her hands. "Well, anyhow, I couldn't go away without telling you."

"Are you going away?" Winifred asked.

"Yes," he said firmly. "I'm going to Burma."

Winifred hung her head and blessed the big hat . . . the beautiful hat . . . the adorable hat . . . for hiding her confusion and giving her courage. "Of course," she said softly, "if a girl wore this hat to be married in, she wouldn't want to put it away for a long, long time. I've read a lot of books," she faltered, stealing a sly upward glance at his face, "about—oh, India and places in the Orient—and it seemed that the Resident, or whatever you call him, was always giving garden parties. A bride would really need a hat like this."

THE END

Adventure in fantasy

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ FANTASIA

Produced by Walt Disney Productions, Inc. Music played by Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Narrative by Deems Taylor. Fantasound recorded by RCA and reproduced by specially designed RCA Fantasound theater equipment. Running time, 125 minutes.

THIS new $2,200,000 Walt Disney adventure into visual concert is difficult to describe. To eight musical masterpieces Disney and his staff have created fitting stories and action in animated cartoon. These drawings in color ride upon music recorded and conducted by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, the eight numbers, distinct in themselves, being linked together by amusing and informative narrative by Deems Taylor.

The whole idea started when Disney was working with Stokowski making a short based on Paul Dukas' Sorcerer's Apprentice with Mickey Mouse as the lad who, using magic, put the magician's broom to work carrying water—and then didn't know how to stop the broom. Then Disney went on, did seven more links in the strange chain of music and drawing.

The result is a stiff dose of animation and music. It frequently touches imaginative beauty of design, is often delightfully humorous, is sometimes dull for long stretches, now and then gets a little on the garish Christmas-card, trite comic-supplement side.

I found Mickey's short joust with magic to be funny. There are top moments when tiny mushrooms burst into dance as little coolie boys to Tchaikovsky's Chinese Dance of the Nutcracker Suite. There are strangely exquisite and beautiful flashes of fairies, pixies, blossoms and milkweed fluffs riding the sunbeams, also to Tchaikovsky. There is a fantastic, scientific vigor to the re-creation of the prehistoric dinosaur days of the Mesozoic era done to Stravinsky's Rite of Spring, and lovely interludes of the winged horse, Pegasus, and his family galloping the skies to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Far less successful is the comic-strip interludes of a giant hippo doing Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours.

This isn't for children. The horrors of demons, cadavers, and devils emerging from tombs to Moussorgsky's Night on Bald Mountain pack terror for the kiddies. I grew bored, too, with repeated returns to the southern exposure of Stokowski in the act of conducting. Indeed, your Beverly Hills found this, on the whole, to be a courageous, provocative adventure (hence the ★★★½) but far too long, far too tough, sometimes too noisy, a dose of animation and music.

Mr. Disney gives us something new

The ever popular Mickey Mouse has a role in Fantasia.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

VITAL STATISTICS: The idea of Fantasia started in December, 1937. . . . The studio sent a crew of technicians and studio musicians to Philadelphia where, from March 17 to May 5, 1938, the business of recording the Philadelphia Orchestra, with its 103 musicians, went on; 420,000 feet of music was recorded, of which 18,000 feet was finally used. Then the studio artists got busy creating stories to fit the music. . . . A new type of dimensional sound, called Fantasound, was worked out by Disney engineers and RCA Victor. The orchestra was divided into sections and recorded on film in nine different recording channels. The first and second violins and violas had one channel, the cellos, basses, and harps another, and so on. One channel picked up the over-all sound. The sound tracks then were taken to the Disney studio at Burbank, California, edited down to three tracks and a control track. This last determines the volume of the music, which parts of the orchestra are to soar above others, from which loud-speakers the sound is to come. . . . Disney plans to present Fantasia as a road show, carrying its own sound equipment. There will be twelve such units, costing about $30,000 apiece.

★ ★ ★½ THE LETTER

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Gale Sondergaard, Bruce Lester, Elizabeth Earl, Cecil Kellaway, Sen Yung, Doris Lloyd, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai. Screen play by Howard Koch based on W. Somerset Maugham's drama. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 97 minutes.

BETTE DAVIS, first lady of the cinema, does another Somerset Maugham heroine, if you can call tight-lipped, ruthless Leslie Crosbie, who shoots down the man she loves in cold blood, a heroine.

The lush tropic background of Maugham's play is a small white colony in the Orient, near Singapore, where Leslie lives with her husband, a British rubber planter. Suddenly you see a man stagger wounded from the house, you see Leslie follow and pump five more bullets into his prostrate body. Then she summons her husband, who has been absent; he, in turn, calls a barrister friend. To them, as she quietly knits, she tells her story. The man had taken advantage of his friend's absence to force his love upon her. And she had killed him. The husband and the lawyer are touched by her fortitude.

Then the Maugham story unfolds. It seems that there is a letter in existence which puts an entirely different aspect upon the killing. The letter is in the hands of the murdered man's mistress (thanks to Will Hays she now is his sub rosa wife)

and the woman's price for the telltale note is high.

Bette Davis plays Leslie Crosbie expertly. Herbert Marshall is the husband, but the film is stolen pretty completely by James Stephenson as the friendly English attorney who is called upon to defend the strange killer and in so doing probes strange pathological depths.

The Letter is tense, gripping, splendidly directed. First-class mail if I ever saw any.

VITAL STATISTICS: Somerset Maugham himself told your Beverly Hills that he liked Bette's performance a lot, thought James Stephenson jolly good. . . . Stephenson hails from Selby, Yorkshire, England. Wanted to be a dentist; amateur theatricals persuaded him to be an actor. English films led to Hollywood. Six feet tall, married. One brother was organist of the bombed Coventry cathedral, another was British commissioner of police of the Upper Nile. . . . Bette, who hates to handle a gun, had to shoot her victim in that opening scene some fifteen times before Director Wyler was satisfied. . . . Katharine Cornell created Bette's role of Leslie Crosbie on the stage. Date, 1927.

★ ★½ LITTLE NELLIE KELLY

THE PLAYERS: Judy Garland, George Murphy, Charles Winninger, Douglas McPhail, Arthur Shields, Rita Page, Forrester Harvey, James Burke, George Watts. Screen play by Jack McGowan based on George M. Cohan's musical comedy. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 98 minutes.

IN Hollywood, things happen fast. Here Judy Garland, eighteen and just out of high school, is promoted to solo stardom in a modernized version of the old George M. Cohan musical. Not only does Judy become a star on her own but, as the Irish emigrant wife of a young policeman, she dies in childbirth. Then she plays her own daughter.

Now and then ways are found for Judy—as Nellie Junior—to sing and dance, as in the midst of a St. Patrick's Day parade and at the policemen's annual ball. All this is pleasant, mildly ingratiating — but vastly too long. I like Judy better when she is the quiet, soft-spoken bride than as the jitterbug daughter, but my tastes probably are not those of young America. George Murphy does Jerry Kelly handsomely from cop to captain, Charles Winninger is an insufferable pipe-smashing, work-avoiding father, a gent who ought to be shot at dawn.

VITAL STATISTICS: Judy Garland celebrated her eighteenth birthday by posing in her first "grown-up" love affair in films. And was she nervous doing her pioneer love scenes! . . . Charlie Winninger smashed 270 Irish clay pipes over a period of three weeks' shooting. . . . Sure and it was Lawrence Tibbett no less who pronounced Douglas McPhail "the best young baritone I have ever heard." McPhail first attracted attention in Babes in Arms. Before that he was briefly a sailor, appeared with night-club bands in South America, worked as a service-station attendant, broke into pictures as an extra. Born in Los Angeles. . . . George Murphy was born in New Haven, Connecticut, dad Mike Murphy, college track coach. George went to Yale, worked in Detroit automobile plants, married Juliette Johnson, who persuaded him to take up dancing.

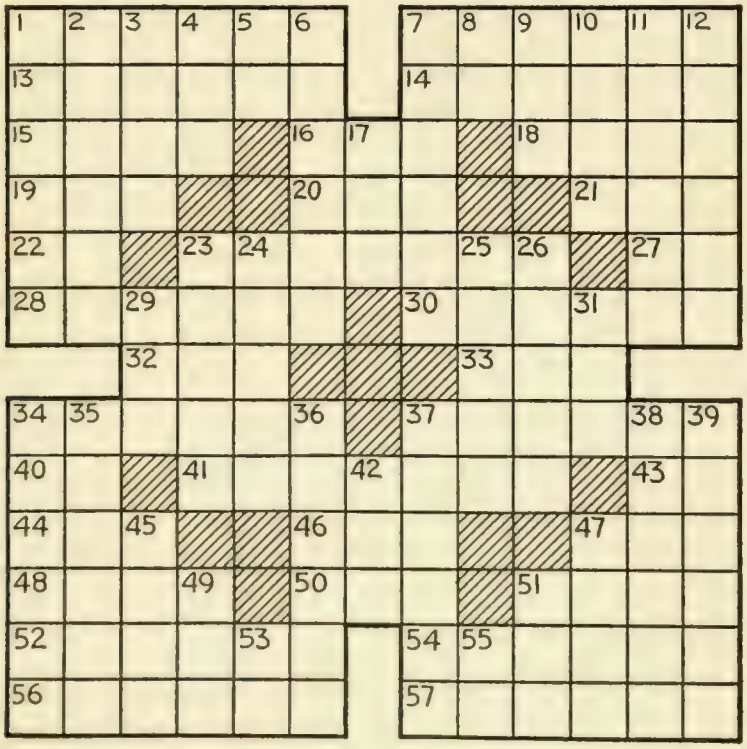
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell.

THE STORY PUZZLE By Margaret Petherbridge



(A = ACROSS; D = DOWN)

This is not a (11D) story, but is complete in this issue. We hope it will (36D) you.

A hermit lived alone in the Forest of (24D). One could not (54A) many brains to him, but he certainly was handsome. As a (16A) he had been christened Adelbert; his (22A) was to blame for that. On reaching man's (6D) he had demanded to be called (27A).

He was a hermit because he had gotten into a (1D) in his youth and had run afoul of the (9D). One night, during the prohibition (50A), before (37A) had given light wines and beer back (40A) the nation, he had been playing poker in a bar-(3D). In the course of an argument over the (20A) of spades he had punched a man in the (2D), over his heart, and seen him (28A) on the floor. So he was (38D) enough to (56A) society and hide himself in the forest.

Here he discovered several (23D) with precious (30A) in them. And to (36D) himself he kept a (33A) odd pets of masculine, feminine, and (52A) gender, among them a (15A) with no feathers on his face, an eagle who was a great (14A), and a pair of (45D) with their buffalo-like heads, ass-like manes, and horse-like tails. Being a pretty experienced (46A), he kept this zoo in good health.

As a disguise he wore a pointed (35D). And when he ran out of oatmeal and flapjacks, he (49D) a boiled (51A) or two from his garden.

His life would undoubtedly have followed these even (12D) had not (10D) arrived in his paradise. She had eyes as blue as the flower she was named for, and her hair shone like (47D) gold. Tired and below (29D), from singing and dancing in the (13A) of a musical comedy, she sought a rest cure at a (51D) near the hermit's retreat. She was earning twenty dollars (42D) week, so of course she could afford it. The date was (17D) 17, 1940.

Imbibing at the mineral springs began to (4D) her and she decided to take a few (26D) into the forest. There she saw the handsome hermit (1A) by, with his (39D) gun on his brawny (19A). She gazed in (31D) at his rugged contours.

"(5D) *bist fcricht!*" she said to herself, lapsing into German, and (57A) against a tree to recover her wits, her heart a veritable (48A) or Vesuvius of emotion. Meanwhile the sunbeams playing (44A) over her golden hair caught the hermit's eye, and (27A) saw (10D).

Just as (41A) pick off careless, unsuspecting soldiers, (43A) his heart was hit by Cupid's arrow.

We know it is hardly necessary to (7A) your sympathy for a case of love at first sight, so we will not (37D) to you all the progress of their courtship. All that (23A) is that they rose in each other's (7D)—especially when (10D) learned about the gold (23D)—until he said hesitatingly, "(53D)—(53D), will you marry (55D)?"

"I cannot say (8D)," was her reply.

Happily enough, the next day they received a (18A) from his (22A)—I (25D) to the parent who named him—saying:

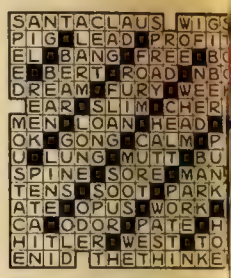
COME HOME AND (21A) NO MORE. THE MAN DID NOT (28A) AFTER ALL.

"Let us catch a train at once," said the ex-hermit, pointing to a sign that said, "Railroad (47A)," "so that my (22A) can (34D) the wedding."

This they (34A) to do, (32A) they lived happily ever after.

P. S.: He shaved off his (35D).

To solve this crossword, you must first solve the story. For instead of the usual definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until the story and the puzzle are done.



Last week's answer

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night"

MOST people know that there is good cheer in a cup of coffee.

For sound scientific reasons, it brightens conversation, makes mind and muscles more alert — lifts up the spirits when you are tired.

But what many people *do not* know is that they can enjoy coffee in the evening, and also enjoy a good night's sleep. The reason is, if you're like 97 out of 100 other folks, the lift you get from coffee lasts only two hours.

That's why cheering, heart-warming coffee chimes in with Santa, and says—"to all a *good* night."

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • VENEZUELA

Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas

Say Seagram's and be Sure of the Finest

Home fo

A HOLIDAY MESSAGE F

Home for Christmas. Out from the clamor of te
and turmoil and fear ... like entering a peaceful,
lighted room. Christmas ... time to give paus
reflect ... to think of the many and wonderful t
that do make life worth living. Time, too, to reme
the basic, undying truths taught so many years a
"Do unto others as ye would that they should do
you." And, thinking of this, we can have co

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Seagram's Finest American Whiskey. An old favorite in a handsome new bottle and encased in a stunning Christmas gift box. A distinctive whiskey, rich and full-flavored without a trace of heaviness—a gift of unquestioned good taste. Blended whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 proof.

SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR GIN

America's richest gin—rich to the last sip. Not even melting ice can spoil that delicious mellow flavor...because it's "sealed-in" by the exclusive "soft-stilled" process. Colorfully packaged for Christmas, Seagram's King Arthur Gin makes a truly thoughtful gift. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE WHISKE

(Available in Rye or Bourbon)

Famed for its liqueur quality, Seagram's
gree gains added importance with its uniqu
package—a reproduction of an antique vo
This whiskey is 8 years old, bottled in bond
Canadian government supervision. 100 p

EGG-NOG PUNCH BOWL

10 servings. Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well beaten yolks to whites; beat both together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add 1 quart Seagram's 7 Crown, 1 pint of cream, 1 pint of milk. Stir ingredients well. Serve cold with grated nutmeg on top.

ORANGE BLOSSOM

Into a cocktail shaker place ice cubes. Add 1 part orange juice, 2 parts Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. This Orange Blossom is superbly rich, utterly smooth... for it glorifies all the qualities for which Seagram's King Arthur Gin is famous. It is marvelous for other gin drinks as well.

CHRISTMAS LIQUEUR

Pour this rich, robust whiskey into a brandy snifter for a first-hand introduction to its inviting aroma. Slowly sip its full-bodied flavor. The pleasure is yours—at first acquaintance and forever after. Seagram's Pedigree will delight you anew in mixed drinks, in an extra-rich Whiskey Sour, in a glorious Old Fashioned.

Christmas

e House of Seagram

kewise, in days gone by, did the master return om the sea. Home from months of headwinds and orms... of ice in the rigging and cold, long nights. t last, the anchor is down, the sails are furled, and wilight falls on the dying waves that lap at the weary ll. Home at last.

is good to be home for Christmas... and at peace.

Home for Christmas—1857

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN
e only gin of its kind ever made in America. turally golden and incredibly smooth...thanks a secret, prolonged process — an exclusive agram process. It makes a magnificent gift, special wrapper setting off the distinguished ncient" bottle. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
Here is *the finest* Canadian Whisky; now better than ever...now 7 years old (formerly 6 years old) ...in its distinguished new bottle. The 4/5 quart size is presented in an impressive gift box of unbelievable luxury, which will be treasured for cigarettes, gloves or jewelry for years. 86.8 proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN
A bottle of this superb whiskey, handsomely and colorfully packaged, is a gift that is sure to be warmly received. Reflecting 83 years of expert distilling, Seagram's 5 Crown is a blend that combines lightness with full flavor and authority. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof.

1940, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

THE GOLDEN MARTINI
Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add 1 part dry Vermouth and 2 parts Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin. Stir well with ice—do not shake—and pour. If desired, add olive or cocktail onion. You will say it's the most delightful Martini you ever tasted... for this *naturally golden* gin is the first gin improvement in 300 years.

WORLD'S FINEST HIGHBALL
Treat yourself to the far-famed qualities of this finest of imported whiskies. Into a highball glass pour Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. Add ice and plain or sparkling water. Taste the delightful difference Seagram's V.O. achieves. It has a lightness, delicacy, and rare bouquet which delights the most fastidious palate.

TOM & JERRY
15 servings. Take 3 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately. Add 6 oz. sugar to whites while beating. Add well-beaten yolks to whites. Stir in 6 drops vanilla extract and 1/16 teaspoon baking soda. Put 2 tablespoons of this batter into Tom & Jerry mug or teacup. Add 1½ oz. Seagram's 5 Crown. Fill with boiling milk, add nutmeg on top.

Let's Light Up Again This Christmas Eve—

AMERICA'S NIGHT OF LIGHT

TWENTY-SIX years ago, as the tramp of mobilizing troops rang on the cobbles below, Sir Edward Grey turned from his window in the British Foreign Office and bowed his head. "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime," he said.

Little did he know that his figure of speech would become frighteningly real: that across whole continents men would grope and grovel in blackness; that the powers of darkness would drive mankind so far back toward the cave they would shrink from the light.

* * *

Even here, in America, we watch the darkness deepen, until it touches the edges of all our lives. This Christmas, 1940, will find many of our young men far from home. This Christmas Eve, in thousands of family groups, their absence will be felt. No one of us will not be sobered by thoughts of those we know in camp, or on the sea. Christmas will not be the same, this year, without them.

So, this year more than ever before, we Americans should reaffirm our faith in the decency and dignity of man. Everywhere else, the light of liberty has been quenched or dimmed by the darkness of dictatorship. Here is the only window of the world: *let us keep this window bright!* Again, let us make Christmas Eve America's *Night of Light.*

* * *

Last year, at this time, I suggested to my fellow-Americans that we light every lamp in America on Christmas Eve as America's answer to the blackout then just beginning abroad. Not in a spirit of boastfulness, but in humble thanksgiving for our freedom —and as a symbol of our determination to keep it.

Mayors and Governors issued proclamations. In great cities, and uncounted towns, there was such a blaze of light as had never been seen before. The people seized upon a suggestion that embodied their thoughts. They lighted their homes and their offices, their factories, their public buildings. Candles and lanterns glowed in the windows of lonely herders' shacks—and huge buildings were lighted in every room. Americans responded — and the *Night of Light* was born.

This Christmas, we Americans face a world even blacker than last year. A chaos of darkness which challenges our every belief and hope.

This year, again, I am asking our religious, political and civic leaders to cooperate in celebrating this second Night of Light. But proclamations are potent only as they embody the will and spirit of the people . . .

Will you—whether you can light a single candle, or throw the master switch of a whole factory—will you turn on the lights this Christmas Eve?

Will you—if you believe in what they stand for —keep them lit from dusk to midnight? So that others may see what we mean by the American way of life! So that we Americans may re-examine our beliefs! Rededicate ourselves to the traditions which made us—and the tasks which confront us!

Ours is the last window of the world, will *you* light your corner of it this Christmas Eve?

Bernarr Macfadden

PUBLISHER, LIBERTY MAGAZINE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY FRANCES FINK

THIS is a respectable house," Mrs. Barnett said loudly right out in the hall where every one could hear her lashing the two of them, " and there'll be no boozing parties in the rooms."

Then she turned sharply on her run-over heels, banged shut the door of her own room, and sank trembling into her old rocker. When she sailed forth into the hall ten minutes later to see if her disapproval had had its effect, both Mr. Roberts and Miss La Fleur had gone out, leaving their respective rooms open.

Probably La Fleur had got the boy down to the corner bar and was this very minute helping him drink up half his wages. But Mrs. Barnett had done her duty. The boy was all right. He'd think it over some evening when La Fleur wasn't around to keep him from thinking of anything but her. He'd think it over, and then he'd come around to apologize to Mrs. Barnett.

He was a good boy. She'd known that the minute she laid eyes on him—the way his eyes were hiding nothing when he answered her questions; the way he kept his room so neat; the way he kept the two pictures on his dresser, the picture of his mother, a thin large-boned woman whose thick hands told of hard years on a hard little farm in Iowa, and the picture of his girl, slim and round, with doe eyes.

Mrs. Barnett wasn't worried about him. He'd never get tied up with La Fleur. He admired her because she knew the city that startled and intrigued him, because she talked like novels he'd read, because she'd been on the stage, and because she made him feel like a great guy instead of an awkward struggling nobody.

That was all. He was a good boy. No La Fleur was going to get her red-nailed fingers around his nice young neck. Mrs. Barnett was going to take care of that. She knew that La Fleur would spoil everything good in his hard-working earnest young life, everything he should give to the doe-eyed girl on his dresser. She lay awake listening for their return.

When they did come in, Mrs. Barnett bolted upright in her narrow bed. She heard La Fleur giggle; then a silence, followed by the boy's stumbling footsteps down the hall to his own room. She heard him fall heavily on the bed. Minutes later he groaned. She was half in her wrapper when La Fleur's high heels hurried down the hall, went directly to Roberts' room.

Mrs. Barnett stepped majestically out in the hall. La Fleur was half dressed, a coat thrown hastily over a sheer black slip with a wide border of cheap draggled lace. She was half supporting young Roberts, whose blue eyes were fuzzy and distressed.

" There'll be none of this in my house," Mrs. Barnett said, very low and tight.

La Fleur gave her a stony look.

" This dumb kid et too much," she said. " He don't feel so good."

" Ate too much, did he? " Mrs. Barnett said as she detached La Fleur's round white arm and herself took Roberts to the bathroom door. " I suppose I don't know a jag when I see one."

La Fleur shrugged. " It's Sattaday, ain't it? Can't a man have a coupla drinks on pay night without you—"

She gave it up, turned down her wonderfully painted mouth in a grimace that spat silent contempt, clicked her heels down the hall to her own room.

The next day Mrs. Barnett did a thorough job on his letters from home. She'd taken a peek now and then, but today she read carefully. His mother was proud of his job in the city, of his first raise, of the money orders he'd sent home. His girl was not so proud of his success, because she was lonely. " I miss you so much, Joey, that sometimes I think you'll never come back for me. If you'd come home for the holidays, maybe we could plan better than we did. Maybe figure some way for me to come to the city for us to be together . . ."

Mrs. Barnett replaced the letters under his four shirts and two changes of underwear. She checked off the weeks on her grocery-store calendar. Four weeks to Christmas. He'd never save enough for the fare. She studied her worn savings book for an hour. She could manage it if La Fleur didn't fall behind and the man in the smallest room didn't move. The doe eyes of the girl back home would do what Mrs. Barnett couldn't do. He'd soon see the difference between La Fleur and his own sweet girl. Because he was a fine boy.

The next week La Fleur paid only half her rent. " Christmas presents got me stuck," she said. Mrs. Barnett couldn't complain. La Fleur was steady and she always got caught up in the end.

The next week the man in the smallest room moved out. And La Fleur was still paying only half her rent. Mrs. Barnett became impatient. Something would have to happen.

Something did. The boy, timid and apologetic since the night of his first binge, burst into Mrs. Barnett's room waving a letter. From the envelope hung two folded railroad tickets.

" I'm going home for Christmas! " he shouted. "Ma saved her egg money and sent me the tickets. Gosh, ain't my folks swell! "

He picked up Mrs. Barnett and hugged her. Thank God, she said to herself, the boy's mother is smart. Or maybe the girl.

After he left, Mrs. Barnett went to his room to straighten it up. She stood silently in the room till a sound behind her made her turn. La Fleur lounged insolently in the doorway, her mouth in its usual wonderful curves, her black eyes shadowed, lashes stiffened belligerently black.

" Whyn't you pack them things he left," she said, " and send 'em on out to Iow-way? "

Mrs. Barnett flushed. La Fleur knew that Mrs. Barnett hoped he wouldn't be back. But she had no right to accuse her. His own mother had sent him the money.

" I expect Mr. Roberts back after the holidays," she said stiffly.

" Then you're nuts," La Fleur said. " He ain't coming back. Think I'd lay out almost forty bucks and write letters to a fellow's girl just on a chance I'd get rid of the kid? Think I'm crazy? Think I want a kid like that hanging around pestering me to marry him? I should marry a punk kid when there's plenty of real men just dying to get me. Naw, he'll never be back. See that picture on his dresser? That's her, his girl. She'll keep him home where he belongs, where he—"

Mrs. Barnett held herself quite still as she listened to La Fleur's heels going down the hall. The heels started slowly, then hurried, then they ran unevenly as La Fleur got to the door of her own room.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Rags to Rose Bowl

When Stanford beat U. C. L. A.: Standlee at the end of his 42-yard run in the second quarter.

By BRAVEN DYER

NO sports story in recent years can match the amazing comeback of the Stanford University football team from last place in the Pacific Coast Conference twelve months ago to the leading candidate (as this is written) for the Pasadena Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

It reads like fiction and sounds like a fairy tale. Turn back the clock to December, 1939. The University of Chicago decided to abandon intercollegiate football. In the mind of the average fan this was a pretty wise decision, for the Maroons had been beaten by Michigan 85 to 0; Ohio State, 61 to 0; Harvard, 61 to 0; Illinois, 46 to 0. They hadn't even scored in six out of eight games, and the season's scoreboard read: opponents, 308 points; Chicago, 37.

Clark Shaughnessy coached that Chicago squad.

Stanford wasn't quite ready to follow Chicago's example by giving up football, but had resolved to get along without Claude "Tiny" Thornhill, the coach who had led Stanford teams into the Rose Bowl on three successive occasions. For Thornhill, like Shaughnessy, couldn't win for losing.

Stanford's record didn't look as badly in print as Chicago's because the Indians managed often to keep the score down below the telephone numbers, but the effect on alumni and fans was just as deadly. For Mr. Thornhill's boys had not won a single game on the Pacific Coast and in five of their nine contests had failed to score as much as one touchdown. And the glorious days of Pop Warner and Ernie Nevers lingered in the memory of all loyal rooters, as did the era of the "Vow Boys" who invaded the Rose Bowl for games in 1934, '35, and '36.

As Stanford was casting around for a man to replace Thornhill, it happened that Clark Shaughnessy went to Los Angeles to attend a national coaches' meeting. After twenty-five years of coaching at Tulane, Loyola of the South, and Chicago, the former Minnesota player found himself virtually out of a job. Sick at heart, he arrived in Los Angeles and happened to stop at the same hotel with Stanford's faculty athletic representative, Professor William Owens. Mutual friends introduced them—and, to make a long story short, in a few days Shaughnessy was offered a five-year contract to become head coach of the Indians.

Thus came about the strange wedding of a coach who couldn't win and a team which had had to invade the East for its lone victory of the 1939 season—a 14-to-3 triumph over Dartmouth.

With one or two exceptions, Clark Shaughnessy inherited the same team that had been the despair of Stanford followers through that dismal 1939 campaign. He had the same backfield, and for the opening game of 1940 he employed a first-string line-up which contained only two players who were not members of Thornhill's squad.

What, then, has brought Stanford from the Coast Conference cellar so near the Bowl in the brief space of twelve months? There is only one answer—Clark Shaughnessy. What other explanation is possible when virtually the same team changes from rags to riches almost overnight?

San Francisco sports writers thought so little of Shaughnessy as a coach that they nicknamed him "Soup" even before he arrived to begin spring practice. After the Indians had won three straight games this fall, one of the writers coyly admitted that "Soup" was a compliment—short for "Super"!

This miracle man of 1940 football never spends less than sixteen hours a day on his task. During the week before the crucial Oregon State game he got up at 2 A. M. to begin preparations for the afternoon's drill. After beating Washington State at Pullman, he boarded a plane and flew back to Palo Alto to meet his scouts and map plans for the next game, against Southern California—a team unbeaten in seventeen straight contests.

For spring practice only, Shaughnessy imported a special backfield coach, Bernie Masterson, the former Nebraska star, with a long record of service as a member of the Chicago Bears' professional team. Masterson's main task was to drill Frankie Albert in the intricate art of playing quarterback under the Shaughnessy system.

Inasmuch as this called for Frankie's handling the ball on every play, it was a mighty important assignment. Apparently Masterson did his work well, for Albert is the lad who makes the wheels go round and the opposition dizzy. He not only handles the ball on every play but calls signals, plays safety, does all the passing; and when Norman Standlee was injured in midseason, he took over the punting duties and averaged better than fifty-two yards per kick against Oregon State. Frankie also kicks off and adds the points after touchdown. He has made one or more points in every game this season, has thrown more than a dozen passes which brought touchdowns, and has invariably bobbed up to intercept passes just when the opposition figured to start going places.

Last spring, after he had seen the 170-pound Albert in spring practice, Coach Shaughnessy said to me:

"I don't want to be in the position of criticizing anybody, but I just can't understand why Stanford didn't make more use of Frankie Albert last

season. I've seen motion pictures of every game he played, have gone over all the scouting reports, and have watched him out there on the field, and I want to tell you he's the answer to a coach's prayer. I'm certainly going to give him a chance to cut loose this fall."

Rival teams will testify that Albert has cut loose. After the Oregon State game, Shaughnessy said:

"Any All-America team that is picked without naming Albert is not an All-America team."

And Frankie still has another year to help gladden Shaughnessy's heart. Incidentally, he's a southpaw passer and a left-footed kicker.

What Shaughnessy has done for Albert, or what the opportunity of playing quarterback in this wide-open system Stanford employs has done for him, can best be understood by dropping in a quotation. It's from a story by Dick Hyland, former Stanford player under Pop Warner, published in a Los Angeles paper after Stanford was beaten 33 to 0 by Southern California last season.

Hyland said: "Frankie Albert has a long way to go before he becomes a star ball carrier or even a good football player. He's fair, but full of bad habits on the field, usually was out of position when passes were thrown, and all in all turned in a game far under what was expected from advance notices." Frankie was a high-school star at Glendale before he enrolled at Stanford. "If some one would break a finger for him so he can't pass, he may develop into a ball-player and Stanford may win a few games. He seemed pass-crazy, calling throws at all times and then executing them somewhat on the sour side."

One year later Albert faced Southern California again. As I said, the Trojans were unbeaten in seventeen games. They had lost a lot of good football players from their Rose Bowl team, to be sure, but were still a mighty tough outfit. Late in the fourth quarter, with only four minutes of play left, the score was tied, 7 to 7. Albert had pitched a pass for Stanford's touchdown. The ball was in Stanford's possession, third down and nineteen yards to go, on Stanford's twenty-three-yard line. One of Shaughnessy's assistants, scouting from the press box, phoned down to the bench: "Better play it safe; we've got a tie, sure."

Shaughnessy roared back over the phone: "Play safe, hell! We're going to win this game!"

He knew Frankie Albert. The little fireball pitched a perfect pass which Al Cole caught in midfield. Two minutes later he had the ball on the Trojan twenty-five. One pass failed, and then he pitched again—straight and true to Fred Meyer for a first down on the five-yard line. Albert then picked out the two biggest guys in the Trojan line, 230-pound Ben Sohn and 220-pound Bob De Lauer, and sent Norman Standlee right over them for the winning touchdown.

Just to make Shaughnessy rest more easily, Albert then intercepted a Trojan pass after the ensuing kick-off and returned it twenty yards for the final touchdown. It was the second time in sixteen years that Stanford had beaten Howard Jones at Palo Alto.

Don't get the idea from all this that Stanford is a one-man football team. Some of us writers and radio broadcasters were sitting around chinning before the Washington game, trying to name Stanford's most valuable player. Somebody named Albert. Somebody else named Pete Kmetovic, the fleet halfback. Another chap selected Vic Lindskog, the great center. I liked Banducci, the sophomore tackle, and Palmer, the sophomore guard. Paul Schissler, former Oregon State and National Professional League coach, spoke up:

"You're all wrong. Norman Standlee is the man who makes that team go. Take Standlee out of the game and Stanford is sunk." After thinking it all over, we agreed that Schissler was right. Howard Jones previously had rated Standlee a harder man to stop than Ernie Nevers.

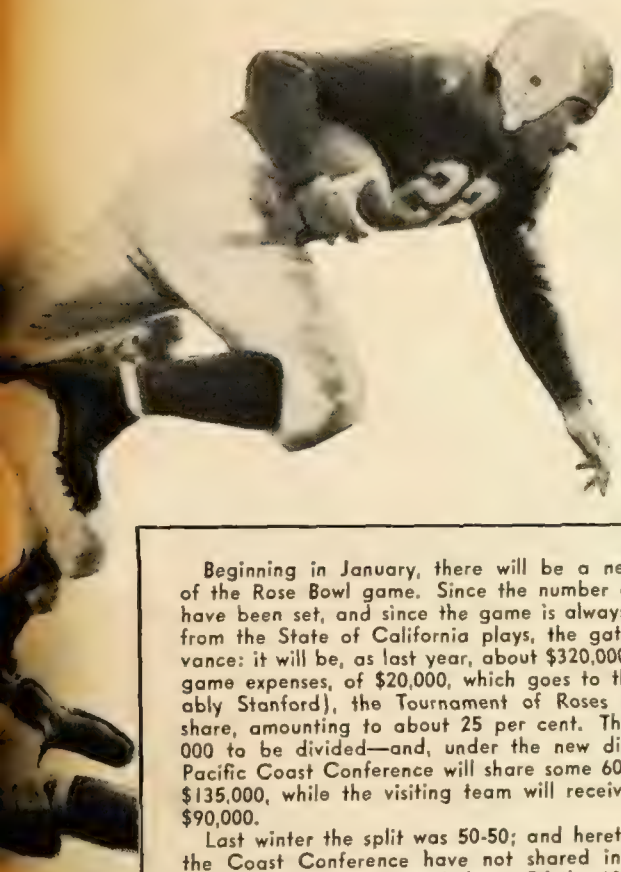
So what happened? Against Washington, the team picked by nine out of ten experts to win the Coast Conference title, Standlee was injured and played only six minutes. In the third quarter the score was 10 to 0 against Stanford, with Standlee on the bench. The Indians promptly scored three touchdowns and won the ball game, 20 to 10. No, Stanford is not a one-man ball club, even if Albert is the lad who provides the spark.

The amazing thing about Stanford's comeback is that nobody expected such a complete reversal of form over last year. As far as I know, only one man, Bill Leiser, able sports editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, had the temerity to climb on the band wagon until after the Indians had bowled over half a dozen rivals.

San Francisco University was favored to take Stanford in the opening game, yet Stanford won, 27 to 0. And after Shaughnessy's boys had whitewashed Oregon, 13 to 0, in their second game, Leiser wrote in his column:

"I'm picking Stanford to win every game this year, and, what's more, the Indians won't score less than nine points in any game."

Mr. Leiser has been 100 per cent right except for the Santa Clara game, which ended 7 to 6. And even here Stanford lost the ball on a fum-



The strange case of the coach who couldn't win

Beginning in January, there will be a new division of the spoils of the Rose Bowl game. Since the number and prices of the tickets have been set, and since the game is always a sell-out when a team from the State of California plays, the gate can be figured in advance: it will be, as last year, about $320,000. After a deduction, for game expenses, of $20,000, which goes to the Western team (probably Stanford), the Tournament of Roses Association will take its share, amounting to about 25 per cent. This will leave some $225,000 to be divided—and, under the new division, the teams of the Pacific Coast Conference will share some 60 per cent of it, or about $135,000, while the visiting team will receive 40 per cent, or about $90,000.

Last winter the split was 50-50; and heretofore the other teams of the Coast Conference have not shared in the Rose Bowl receipts with the team that played there. Of the 60 per cent, 40 per cent is to go to the host institution (Stanford?) and the rest is to be divided equally among the other nine Coast Conference members, four of which have never played in a Rose Bowl game.

Under the new division, the Western team will receive about $50,000, plus the original $20,000 for game expenses. In no case in the future is the Western team to receive as much as the guest team, although out of the $90,000 which the latter receives must come traveling expenses and hotel bills.

ble on the four-yard line, suffered a penalty on the ten, and was halted by the final whistle on Santa Clara's nine-yard marker.

Only one team has outgained Stanford so far by both rushing and passing. This was Washington State, and in the third quarter the Indians had a 26-to-7 lead when Shaughnessy inserted his reserves. The final score was 26 to 14. Stanford has averaged 300 yards per game to 200 for her rivals. In one game they do most of their damage through the air, and in the next they may switch and just run you to death. It's that kind of team, fitting its offense to suit the emergency. Against Southern California, Washington, and Oregon State the score was either tied or Stanford trailed at half time. But in each case second-half explosions ruined the opposition.

The constant alertness of the Stanford players amazes everybody. Neither Oregon nor Southern California was able to complete a single forward pass against the Indians. This is directly traceable to Shaughnessy's passion for attention to details. For instance, on the Friday before a game most football teams practice only lightly, and the players seldom wear their hip and shoulder pads and usually work without head guards. At Stanford the players report on Friday attired in their full game regalia. They are keyed right then for the combat. And if there's the slightest thing wrong with equipment it is corrected. No wasted time on the morrow, when every minute is valuable. Shaughnessy even designed Stanford's uniforms himself.

Stanford employs what is called the " T " formation, as old as football itself. It's a style roughly patterned after that of the Chicago Bears' pro team. On every play except a punt there is a man in motion. The ball carrier seldom has any interference. The other backs are running off somewhere else, faking opponents out of position.

The ordinary college team can't handle that pro-football stuff. But listen to what Shaughnessy says of his present team: " In some respects these boys handle the ball far better than the Chicago Bears." And when asked to explain the amazing success of his squad, he says: " There's a spark and a fire out there, and it doesn't make much difference what the backfield combination is—Albert supplies the enthusiasm all the time."

Just how well the man in the street likes Shaughnessy's style of play is revealed by a squint at the attendance figures. The " big game " between Stanford and California always draws a huge crowd. With this exception, the largest crowd Stanford drew at home last season was 29,000 for the U. C. L. A. game. And that Stanford stadium seats 90,000 souls.

This year more people saw the Washington game than had ever turned out in the history of competition between these two schools. More than 65,000 attended. And the Oregon State game drew the biggest crowd ever to see the Beavers play at Palo Alto. It's been that way for every game, with the Rose Bowl sold out long before game time. And if that fat check from the Tournament of Roses materializes, it will more than pay Shaughnessy's salary for five years.

The Shaughnessys have three children: a boy, now a junior at U. C. L. A., and two girls, one a sophomore at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, the other prepping at Castileja School for Girls at Palo Alto, preparatory to enrolling at Stanford.

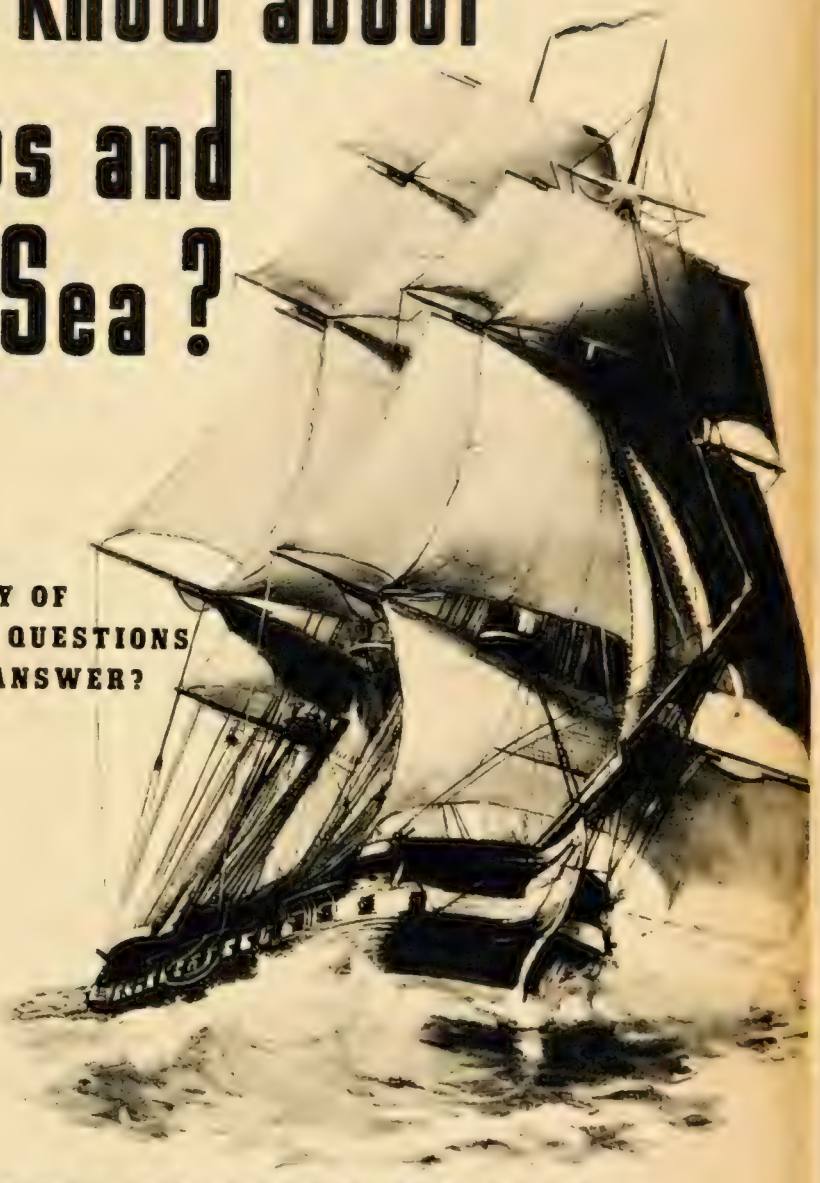
If Stanford plays the Rose Bowl game, it will mark its eighth appearance in the classic. In 1902 the Indians lost to Michigan, 49 to 0. They played in six other games after the modern series began in 1916. Stanford is the only team that has ever played three successive games in the Rose Bowl. It won a 7-to-0 victory over Southern Methodist after losing to Alabama and Columbia in the previous years.

Clark Shaughnessy will tell you he doesn't know what's going to happen New Year's Day. But here's a tip: No matter what the score is at half time, don't be too sure Stanford is headed for defeat. Because Fireball Frankie Albert will get the boys together in the third quarter and they're apt to explode all over the place. Stanford is that kind of football team.

THE END

...BUT NO ONE KISSES KATIE!
HOW ARE YOU DOING, KATIE?
NOT SO WELL, DOT. MEN EITHER AREN'T INTERESTED IN THIS CHARITY--OR THEY AREN'T INTERESTED IN ME!
KISS A PRETTY GIRL $1.00
PEGGY'S COLLECTED A FORTUNE AT HER BOOTH, THOUGH--SO I GUESS I JUST LACK OOMPH!
NO, YOU'VE GOT OOMPH, KATIE, BUT YOU'VE ALSO GOT--WELL, LOOK! WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
HERE'S WHAT KATIE'S DENTIST SAID...
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH...HELPS REMOVE DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STOP THE STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS THAT CAUSE MUCH BAD BREATH
COLGATE'S NOT ONLY COMBATS BAD BREATH, IT MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO! AND THAT PENETRATING FOAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL SO CLEAN AND REFRESHED!
LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TWO WERE IN HERE!
COME IN AND CONGRATULATE ME, DOT! FROM NOW ON NO ONE KISSES KATIE --ONLY ME!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

What do you know about ships and the Sea?



HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

A QUIZ BY SPIKE MARLIN

On this quiz score yourself as follows for correct answers:

1—10 .....Landlubber
11—20 .....Rocking-chair skipper
21—30 .....Three-quartermaster
31—40 .....Hello, commodore!

1—Name the "seven seas."

2—What does a sailor refer to when he speaks of a "sheet"?

3—Why are they called the "high seas"?

4—If he faces forward, does a refugee arriving in New York from Europe view the Statue of Liberty from the port or starboard side of the ship?

5—Which is the only great harbor in the world where there are no sea gulls? Why?

6—Even before the Titanic set sail on her fateful maiden voyage many people predicted she would meet disaster. Why?

7—What was the Spanish Main?

8—What ship was saved from destruction by a poem?

9—Name four authors famous for their sea stories.

10—Where is the Sargasso Sea and why do mariners avoid it whenever possible?

11—How long is a nautical mile, and how is its length determined?

12—Who are known as "soldiers of the sea"?

13—What was the name of the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, and from what port did she sail?

14—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours" is a famous quotation to every school child. Who said it, and what was the occasion?

15—What ship docked on a mountain?

16—What flag is known as the "blue peter" and from what does it get its name?

17—What fictional character spent more than fifty years in exile aboard various ships?

18—Flying fish are familiar sights to sea travelers. In round figures, how far can a flying fish fly?

19—The Ark Royal is one of Britain's great modern warships whose whereabouts and condition have been the subject of conflicting reports from the warring Powers. What great sea battle was led by the ship after which the Ark Royal is named?

20—How many watches are there on shipboard?

21—On what day of the week do sailors dislike to set sail? Why?

22—When a ship crosses the equator, what traditional rites are performed?

23—What happened to the captain and crew of the Mary Celeste?

24—On many modern ocean liners, where is the brig located?

25—"Davy Jones" is a well known figure of the sea. Who is he, and how did he get his name?

26—Under what authority does the captain of a ship perform a marriage at sea?

27—What is a *mare clausum?*

28—What two divisions are usually made in a ship's crew?

29—Why is "Charlie Noble" a pretty important fellow aboard the average ship?

30—If a Chinese woman gives birth to her son aboard the S. S. President Harding en route from the United States to China, could the son ever be President of this country?

31—In the days when whalers sailed from our shores, what was the "going-home" pennant, and how long was it?

32—What is the function of a staff captain on a liner?

33—Where was the schooner Hesperus wrecked, according to Longfellow's poem?

34—Why do seamen dislike to have a shark follow their ship?

35—Why are sailors known as "tars"?

36—According to the tradition of the sea, when does the day begin on shipboard?

37—When you speak of "gross tonnage" of a ship, what do you mean?

38—How many times during the day is the ship's bell struck but once, and at what times, according to land calculations?

39—To a yachtsman, what is a "dead beat"?

40—Why is St. Nicholas, so beloved by children the world over, also especially revered by seamen?

(*Answers will be found on page 38*)

Old Mr. Boston says:

"Enjoy this Hearty Liquor with the Taste of Fresh Apricots!"

HERE, indeed, is a treat you'll want to repeat! For my Apricot Nectar is a rich hearty drink that brings you the smoothness of honey plus the flavor of fresh-picked apricots. Drink this superb liquor straight . . . there's a handy drinking cup on top of each pint bottle.

OLD MR.BOSTON

APRICOT NECTAR

Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

40 ANSWERS

by "Spike Marlin" to his questions on page 37

1—The North and South Atlantic, the North and South Pacific, the Indian and the Arctic and Antarctic oceans.

2—Most likely he means the rope fastening the end of the boom to the deck. This rope regulates the trim of the sail.

3—The "high seas" are those lying beyond the territorial bounds of any nation. The word "high" has nothing to do with the height of the waves but is used as in "highways," and means the main or chief seas, belonging to every one.

4—The port or left-hand side of the ship.

5—Shanghai has no sea gulls, as many poor families live in junks at the water's edge and take—for use as food—all the refuse thrown overboard from ships in the harbor. Nothing being left for the gulls, they have gone to other ports.

6—It is a superstition of the sea that ships must not be given names of exaggerated loftiness, like Titanic. Such ships are supposed to be ill-fated.

7—The northern coast of South America and Central America settled by the Spanish. However, the term is loosely used to mean the Caribbean Sea and the islands in it. The word "main," nonetheless, originally referred to mainland.

8—The Constitution was to be destroyed by the government, but the famous poem, Old Ironsides, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, created such a stir that the ship was saved.

9—There are many, of course. Among the more famous are Conrad, Melville, Masefield, and Kipling.

10—In the Atlantic, north of the West Indies, is a spot known as the Sargasso Sea where there is little or no current. As a result gulfweed collects there in great quantity, making navigation hazardous.

11—It is taken as 6,080 feet, which is approximately one sixtieth of one degree—or one minute of longitude—measured at the equator.

12—The marines—who don't mind a good fight on land, either, if it's in a good cause.

13—The Savannah, which sailed from Savannah, Georgia, in 1819.

14—Naval Commander Oliver Hazard Perry made this famous statement after he had defeated the British on Lake Erie, War of 1812.

15—It was Noah's ark, and the mountain was Mount Ararat, where the ark came to rest after the floodwaters subsided.

16—A flag with a white square in the center of a blue field, hoisted when a ship is about to set sail. "Peter" is a corruption of the French verb *partir*, to leave.

17—Philip Nolan, the "Man Without a Country."

18—About 200 yards. Their "flights" are really long jumps.

19—The flagship of the British fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada.

20—Seven. Five four-hour watches, and two two-hour (dog) watches.

21—Sailors consider Friday an unlucky day on which to set sail—but the superstition is rapidly dying out.

22—A party is held at which "King Neptune" comes aboard, holds "court" at the ship's pool. All who are crossing the line for the first time are ceremoniously dunked—poor sports excused!

"I am only window shopping."

23—No one knows. The complete disappearance of the captain, his wife, and crew of the Mary Celeste—which was found under full sail, and with breakfast on the captain's table, off the Azores, remains one of the sea's deepest mysteries.

24—Modern liners often have a dummy smokestack which is not used in the ship's operation; added merely for decorative purposes. The brig is often built in this otherwise useless stack.

25—Davy Jones is a legendary character representing the sea. Who he was is not definitely known, but his name is said by some to be a corruption of Jonah, who spent several days traveling the sea in the belly of a whale.

26—The captain is the chief executive of what is, technically, a territory of his country, and, as such, has legal authority to perform marriages.

27—A sea closed by some Power which controls entrances and exits. The Black Sea is an example.

28—The port and starboard watches. The division is made to facilitate the operation of the ship.

29—"Charlie Noble" is nautical slang for the ship's stovepipe—but who the original "Charlie" was, nobody knows.

30—Yes. His birth on an American ship is the same as his birth on American soil.

31—On leaving the whaling grounds a going-home pennant was flown from the main truck. Its length was determined by the time the ship had been at sea—one foot of length for each month.

32—The staff captain relieves the captain of supervision of the ship's personnel and operation of the ship exclusive of navigation.

33—On the reef of Norman's Woe, near Gloucester, Massachusetts.

34—Because there is a belief among seafarers that a death will occur on board if the shark follows the boat twenty-four hours.

35—The term "tar" or "jacktar" is believed to come from the fact that sailors' caps and overalls were made of tarpaulin—a tarred, water- and weatherproof cloth.

36—At noon.

37—Each gross ton is one hundred feet of enclosed space aboard a ship. Thus, by enclosing a portion of an open deck, a ship's gross tonnage may be increased out of all proportion to the actual weight in tons added.

38—Six times: at 12.30, 4.30, and 8.30 A. M.; and 12.30; 4.30, and 8.30 P. M.

39—Sailing a yacht to a point directly or dead to windward of the starting point. The yacht is tacked upwind.

40—St. Nicholas is said to have once calmed a storm during a voyage to the Holy Land, and therefore, along with St. Christopher, is a patron saint of sailors. St. Christopher is the patron saint of travelers in general.

Gifts that will make you like better the faces you like best!

The New Improved SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

with 12 Schick Blades, comes packed in this lustrous black plastic Kit with built-in used blade container. $1.00

A perfect Christmas gift! New razor and 12 blades in the new case—all in a colorful holiday box.

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A Travel Kit he'll be proud of! Thoroughbred in every line, it's made of genuine saddle leather in the popular natural color. Smartly lined with hunting red. Neatly holds all toilet accessories. Fitted with the new improved Schick Injector Razor, and 12 double-thick Schick Blades. A handsome gift! $3.50

Genuine Saddle Leather Cigarette Box . . . for both *long* and *regular* cigarettes. Simple and distinguished in design. Contains two twenty-blade cartridges of Schick Injector Blades attractively packed with holiday gift card. $2.50

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FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

A captive beauty, a dancer's revenge lead to a grim, exciting adventure

BY SAX ROHMER

FOR his own fell designs, Fu Manchu wants to bottle up the American navy. To that end he has his Si Fan agents steal from Sir Lionel Barton, the famous Orientalist, the map of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean. At once he leaves London for New York, taking with him Ardatha, a girl he has enslaved with a mysterious drug.

Sir Lionel enlists the sleuthing genius of Nayland Smith, implacable enemy of the Chinaman, and the assistance of Bart Kerrigan, the brilliant journalist, in a man hunt. A powerful additional reason for Kerrigan's participation in tracking down the thief and abductor is that he is desperately in love with Ardatha. Hoping it can be used as a hostage, the three men have captured Peko, Fu Manchu's beloved marmoset, and bring it with them to America.

In New York, Kerrigan catches a fleeting glimpse of his sweetheart in the company of a sallow-faced fellow, but she had warned him to take no notice. That same night Ardatha phones Kerrigan that a man named Kennard Wood, of the American secret service, is to be murdered; also, she informs him that Fu Manchu is headed for Panama.

Together, Nayland Smith and the newspaperman save Wood from a horrible death directed against him through the operation of the Snapping Fingers, a voodoo vampire of unknown origin. Smith kills its Negrito agent when the latter is climbing the hotel façade to escape.

Next day, while at a conference with Washington representatives, the three trackers of Fu Manchu receive a warning from the Si Fan organization which is delivered by an invisible agent—only his padding footsteps can be heard in the room.

Undeterred, they go to Panama. Following her instructions, Kerrigan visits a shop designated by Ardatha. Its proprietor induces him to buy a Peruvian dried human head. He also sees in the street Lou Cabot, the sallow companion of Ardatha in New York. Then a popular dancer, Flammario, calls on Kerrigan and tells him he must kill Cabot—that Cabot has stolen Ardatha from her Chinese master. Finally, like something in a nightmare, the shriveled head speaks with the voice of Fu Manchu!

"Take care of Peko," it commands Kerrigan. "Find Cabot!"

PART SEVEN—THE DAGGER IN THE BACK

IT will be interesting to learn," said Nayland Smith, "whether the Zone police, Dr. Fu Manchu, or a jealous woman first discovers the whereabouts of this man Lou Cabot. However well hidden he may be, I may add that I do not envy Lou Cabot."

The hour grew late, and with every moment that passed my impatience grew hotter. Somewhere, perhaps within call of the balcony outside our

There was a faint perfume in the place. "This is Lou's new nest," said Flammario. "I know his tracks."

windows, Ardatha was imprisoned, at the mercy of the sallow-faced, sleek-eyed scoundrel who had tracked me in Panama! Smith relighted his pipe, shooting a quick glance in my direction.

"I do not necessarily believe the woman Flammario," he added, puffing vigorously.

"What could her object be?"

"Assuming it to be revenge—and your description depicts a woman whom it would be unwise to offend—it does not necessarily follow that her construction of the situation is the correct one. What I find hard to believe is this: that a member of the Si Fan, presumably a senior official and therefore one well acquainted with their methods and efficiency, should, for a mere infatuation, invite the terrible penalties which must follow."

"I see your point," I replied miserably; "but what other explanation can there be?"

SMITH began to pace up and down restlessly.

The door was opened and Barton came in.

"Fu Manchu is undeniably a wizard physician," Sir Lionel declared. "The treatment he prescribed seems to have taken years off that beastly little marmoset. It is now as full of fight as a bulldog."

"I am glad," I said, and spoke with sincerity. "I was afraid we were going to lose the thing."

"Any more messages from the talking head?" he inquired in his loud, facetious way.

"No." Smith suddenly emerged from some maze of speculation in which he had been lost. "We have tried pressing the red control; as you see, the door of the box is open."

"I am prepared to believe that it is a receiving set and not some kind of hypnotic machine," growled Barton, "when I have actually heard it for myself. It isn't connected up in any way—there is no battery in it; it's just an empty box—except, of course, for the shriveled head."

"No doubt I should be as skeptical as you," Smith admitted, "if I had not had previous experience of this amazing apparatus. The head, of course, has nothing to do with the matter. Fu Manchu lacks a true sense of humor; but he has a strong sense of the baroque. Sometime when you are in London and have an hour to spare, I must take you along to the Scotland Yard museum. One of these receivers is there. European experts have overhauled the mechanism and have unanimously declared it to be without equipment for receiving and transmitting sound waves—yet it did, as Kerrigan can testify."

"The facts of that zombie business are not too clear to me, either," I confessed.

"If, as I suspect," said Smith rapidly, "Haiti or its neighborhood proves to be the Doctor's new headquarters, it is possible, Kerrigan, that

Teledrama

THE SCENE

is the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Warren. The time is 3 A. M. As the curtain rises, the Warrens are fast asleep. The telephone is ringing.

MRS. W: (Awakening with a start) Tom! Tom! The telephone's ringing! Did you ever! And at this time of night! Tom!

MR. W: (Very sleepily) Huh? What's the matter? Huh?

MRS. W: The telephone, Tom—it's ringing! Answer it!

MR. W: Huh? Yeh—all right, all right. (Propping himself up in bed and slowly lifting the receiver) Hello . . . Yes, Bob! (Aside) Gosh, it's Bob on Long Distance!

MRS. W: Oh, quick, what's the news?

MR. W: (Into the telephone) Yes . . . what . . . who—oh, Bob! Well, I'll be darned . . . a baby boy!

MRS. W: A baby boy! . . . How is Martha? Is everything all right? Let me talk to him!

MR. W: Hold on a second, Bob. Your Mother's all excited. She wants to talk to you. Here she is.

MRS. W: (Taking telephone) Robert . . . oh, Robert—a baby boy! And Martha's all right? You're sure? Oh, Robert, I've got to see him! How many pounds? . . . Take good care of them. . . . Oh, Robert, I'm so happy! . . . And you called us right away . . . now get back to Martha . . . Good-bye, Son. . . . (Mrs. W. puts down receiver) Tom, he weighs seven pounds six ounces! Robert says he looks like you. I've *got* to see that baby! Let's start first thing in the morning!

MR. W: Sure, I guess so—no holding you now.

MRS. W: Just think, Tom, the baby was born only a few minutes ago and we know all about it. The telephone's a wonderful thing, isn't it, Tom?

MR. W: Yeh. Well . . . good-night . . . Grandma!

MRS. W: Good-night yourself . . . Grandpa!

you may learn more of this matter in the near future."

His gaze became abstracted again; and:

"What were you thinking about, Smith," I asked eagerly, "with regard to the internal troubles of the Si Fan?"

"I was thinking," he replied, and spoke with unwonted slowness, "of the woman feared by the whole of the Negro population of Haiti, the woman known as Queen Mamaloi. . . ."

THERE has been a thorough check-up on this man Cabot," said Beecher of the Zone police. Captain Jacob Beecher was tall, had a square frame and a square face. He looked efficiently dangerous. "We have a considerable *dossier Cabot* already; in fact at one time there was a movement to throw him out of the area."

"Where does this bird roost?" asked Barton.

"Well, sir, he has ritzy quarters right on the premises of the Passion Fruit Tree and I guess the villa where Flammario lives (she's his partner) is Lou's property too."

"But," I asked, "where is he now? Have you any information on that point?"

"No, sir. We know he went to New York beginning of last week, and there's some evidence that he came back two or three days ago. But he hasn't been seen in the Passion Fruit or in any of his usual haunts. One thing is fairly certain: his girl friend has soured on him."

"You are sure of this?" snapped Smith.

"Certain. Some of my boys who keep an eye on the place—it's right enough in its way, but at times they've sailed pretty close to the rocks—report that there's another dame in the case. Flammario is out for murder."

"Is the man an American citizen?" I asked.

"Yes—they are both Americans by adoption. Makes it kind of difficult, you see."

"Have you ever heard of a society known as the Si Fan?" asked Smith.

"Sure. One of the Chinese tongs, isn't it? But it isn't the Chinese we worry about around here . . ."

"The Si Fan is not exclusively Chinese," said Smith. "But, since you can give me no information on this point, we will not pursue it. Suppose we make our plans for the evening."

"My plans are made," said Barton. "We've been taking chances here. What about the charts? The steel box is in the hotel safe. What about that damned monkey? One of us has always got to be in this apartment until we leave. I don't like missing the fun—but I'll stay on guard tonight."

"As you wish, Barton," said Smith. "I entirely agree with you. And now, Captain Beecher, the position is this: We have to find Lou Cabot, and this woman Flammario

has undertaken to tell us tonight where he is hiding."

"If any one can find out, she can," murmured the police officer. "The Passion Fruit scouts know every sewer in the town."

"Very well. Mr. Kerrigan and I propose to go along there immediately."

"If you like, I'll come along with you. But I thought of standing by with a few of the boys in case any quick action should be called for."

"That would be best," said Smith. "Merely give me full particulars regarding the place, and be somewhere within sight of the entrance if I should want you."

"All ready," said Police Captain Beecher. "As the idea is to get in touch with Flammario, I suggest when you go in that you sit at a table outside the bar—the balcony, see? Don't go down onto the dance floor. The bar opens right out of the lobby. If you want to leave in a hurry, that's the best place. One of my boys who knows you by sight will be right outside. Maybe I'll come, too. . . ."

I CANNOT vouch for the accuracy of my notes regarding the Passion Fruit Tree. The bare idea of Ardatha being in the power of the man Lou Cabot, of whose private life I had heard much before our arrival, had made me long to have my fingers around his throat. The primary appeal of the resort was to tourists.

On entering, I discovered the lobby to be painted with murals representing jungle scenes, and from a reception office trellised with flowering vines a shrewd-looking old colored woman peered out. A powerful mulatto in uniform was in attendance, and everywhere one saw pictures of Flammario.

Subdued lighting prevailed throughout, as did the jungle scheme of decoration. I was dimly aware of the presence of people at tables on the balcony, but Smith and I alone sat at the bar over which a colored attendant presided. When Smith had ordered drinks:

"I am naturally suspicious," said he in a low voice, "when we are dealing with the Si Fan. Even now I am not satisfied that this may not be a trap of some kind."

"But, Smith, no attack is likely to be made here!"

"I was thinking more particularly of Barton, and of Ardatha."

Our drinks were served, he paid the man, and the latter walked to a chair at one end of the bar.

"Regarding Barton, I see what you mean. It might be an elaborate plan to split up the party."

Smith nodded.

"But," he added, "Barton is an old campaigner and, as we know, very well capable of taking care of himself. Furthermore, although I have not notified him of the fact, there is a police officer on duty outside our apartment tonight."

"But Ardatha?"

"I am disposed to think"—he spoke in a very low voice—"that she is actually in Colón. All this may be a red herring designed to get us out of the way while she is smuggled elsewhere. But in the circumstances we can do nothing but wait for some sign from this woman Flammario."

"I still believe," said I, "that she is sincere."

"Possibly," Smith replied; "at least in her passionate hatred of Cabot. Let us hope so." He glanced at his watch. "Three minutes to midnight. Suppose we go in and survey the scene."

We went on to the balcony, a place heavy with tobacco smoke and a reek of stale perfume. There were three men at one table and two women at another. The women were obviously dancing partners. We looked down at the dancing floor.

An orchestra concealed under the balcony was serving out swing music, pianissimo and at a very slow tempo. Only three pairs were dancing. There were supper tables set along a sort of arcade on the left of the floor, but not more than half were occupied. A hot irritation possessed me.

"Smith," I said, "this somnolent booze shop is going to get on my nerves. Whenever I think what we are up against—of the fate of Ardatha—this awful inactivity drives me mad."

"The calm before the storm," he answered in a low voice. "Observe the two men at a supper table right at the other end—the table with the extinguished lamp."

I looked in the direction indicated. Two stocky Asiatics whose evening clothes could not disguise their tremendously powerful torsos were seated there.

"Good heavens, Smith!" I exclaimed. "Surely a pair of Fu Manchu's thugs."

"Certainly."

"Then you were right—it *is* a trap. . . . They are waiting for us!"

"Somehow, I don't think so," he replied. "I regard their presence as distinctly encouraging. In my opinion, they are waiting for Lou Cabot. Our night will not be a dull one, Kerrigan."

THE band ceased, the dancers returned to their places. All the lights went out and then a drum began to beat with the rhythm of a darabukka. A spotlight directed through a trap in the roof shone across the empty floor and upon the figure of Flammario.

Her costume did not interfere in any way with appreciation of her beauty, and as she stood there for a moment motionless, none could have denied that the gods had endowed her with a splendid form. Her brilliant eyes were raised to the balcony; and although I doubted if she could see because of the beam of light, I was convinced that she was looking for us.

To the drumbeat was added a monotonous reed melody, and Flammario began to dance. It was one of those African dances which for my part I regard as definitely unpleasant, but, judging from the rapt silence of a now invisible audience, I may have been in the minority. She moved languorously along the edge of the arcade where the supper tables were set, until at last she was directly beneath us. There for a moment she paused, raised her eyes, and:

"Yes!" she said.

The deep-toned, slightly hoarse voice was clearly audible above the throb of the music, and into that one word Flammario had injected triumph—and a barbaric hatred. As she continued her dance, proceeding now toward the entrance through which she had made her appearance, Smith bent to my ear.

"She has found him! The woman wins. There is not a moment to waste if we are to get there ahead of Fu Manchu's thugs. Now to establish contact."

TO a frenzied crescendo the dancer finished. She stood a moment, arms upraised, and then stepped back into the shadow behind the spotlight. Smith and I were up, tense, ready for action. But the almost complete darkness remained unbroken, and as we waited, Flammario reappeared, wearing a silk wrap. She acknowledged the applause of her audience. Again she retired, and as the lights sprang up, instinctively I stared in the direction of the end supper table.

The two yellow men had gone.

"Quick!" snapped Smith. "It's going to be touch-and-go. Somehow, Kerrigan, they have got hold of the information!"

He had started back toward the bar when he was intercepted by a strange figure entering. It was that of a hunchback Negro, emaciated as with long illness, his small cunning eyes so deeply set in his skull as to be almost invisible.

"Mr. Kerrigan, please?"

He looked from face to face.

"Yes," snapped Smith, "this is Mr. Kerrigan. What do you want?"

"Follow, if you please. Hurry."

We required no stimulus but followed the stooping figure. Down a flight of stairs we ran and along a corridor not too well lighted. At the end I saw Flammario. She wore a long sable cloak, and as we hurried forward I realized that she stood at the door of a small but luxuriously furnished dressing room.

"Quick!" she cried. Her eyes were gleaming madly. "You are ready to start?"

"Yes. This is Sir Denis Nayland Smith. You have found Cabot?"

"I told you I had found him. I tell you now we must hurry."

"Two agents of the Si Fan were here a few moments ago," said Smith rapidly. "Did you see them?"

She shrugged impatiently and the fur fell away from one bare shoulder. She snatched it back into place.

"I have to dance again in half an hour," she explained simply. "Of course I saw them." She stepped forward, forcing a way between Smith and myself. "Paulo!" she cried.

I turned and looked along the empty passage. The hunchback Negro had disappeared.

"Do you think they have got the information?" jerked Smith.

"There is no time to think!" cried Flammario. "I tell you, we must act. My car is outside. I know the way."

"A police car would be faster," said Smith on an even note. "One is waiting."

Flammario was already running along the passage.

"Any car you like," she shouted, "but hurry! I have only half an hour and I want to see him killed. Hurry! I show you where he is—and the girl is with him."

POLICE CAPTAIN JACOB BEECHER was waiting beside a Police Department car not three paces from the side entrance of the Passion Fruit Tree.

"All set," he said as we ran out. "Where to?"

"Listen, Big Jake!" cried Flammario hoarsely. "This is my night and so I give the orders."

"I am listening," growled Beecher.

"You and your boys just cover us. Leave the rest to me and my friends."

"But where are we going?" growled Beecher. "Tell me and I'll make arrangements."

"We are going right to Santurce, and we are moving fast. Do you know the home that used to belong to Weisman, the engineer they fire from the Canal service—eh?"

"Sure I know it."

"That is where we go."

Then, Nayland Smith and a police driver in front and I and Flammario at the back, we set out through a velvety tropical darkness sharply cut off where a brilliant moon splashed it into silver patches. Flammario clutched my arm, pressed her head against my shoulder, and poured out a torrent of words.

"It is Paulo who finds him. Paulo can find any one or anything in the Canal Zone. But Paulo is of the Si Fan. You understand—eh?"

"Yes. I expected it."

"Although he would do anything for me, he is terrified of them. Why does he run away tonight? Where do those two thugs go? What you think?"

"I think he gave them the information."

"It seem that way to me." She nestled closer. I was aware of a musky perfume. "You are right about your girl friend. He has her locked up. But give Lou time and he sets an iceberg on fire. No, please, do not be angry. I tell you. I can overlook so much—why not? But all the town knows he leave me flat—me, Flammario. Queer, eh, how a woman feel about a thing like this? Just as hard as I used to love him—I hate him now." She slipped a bare arm about my shoulder. "You will kill him, won't you?"

With a sincerity which was not assumed, I replied, "Given half a chance, I absolutely undertake to do so."

Flammario's heavily painted lips were pressed to my left ear.

On the corner of a street in which there were detached villas, each surrounded by its own garden, a big black sedan was drawn up with no lights on. We passed it and swung into a street beyond.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis } St. Paul }	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . .	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.		
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Antonio	KABC 8:00 C.S.T.
Fort Worth	KFJZ 8:00 C.S.T.	St. Louis . .	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Houston . . .	KXYZ 8:00 C.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.
	Kansas City	WREN 10:00 C.S.T	

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco *Santa Barbara

*See local paper for time and station.

A moment later we, too, pulled up. I had now quite lost my bearings. As we scrambled out, Flammario ahead of all, a police officer detached himself from the shadows of a high wall.

"Squad all ready," he reported. "What orders?"

"Do nothing until we are in," Smith replied rapidly, "and keep well out of sight. The signal will be a blast on my police whistle — or shooting. The men are standing by?"

"In the big sedan back there. Captain Beecher worked fast. Making for their posts right now."

Flammario already was running ahead.

"One thing is important," said Smith insistently. "Grab any one that comes out."

We overtook Flammario racing up a tree-shaded path toward a green-shuttered house from which no lights shone.

"How do we get in?" she panted. "Have you figured that out?"

"I have figured it out," Smith replied—and I observed for the first time that he was carrying a handbag.

The front of the house was bathed in moonlight, but dense shrubbery grew up to it on the left, and here I saw a porched door. We pulled up, watching and listening.

"Listen," said Flammario. "Can you count on the police? Because when we break in, if I know Lou, he will run for it."

"The place will be surrounded in another minute," snapped Smith irritably. "This door here in the shadow—does it lead to the kitchen?"

"Yes. And that is our way in. It is half glass. Smash it, and if the key is inside, we are through."

"We could try," muttered Smith.

We advanced, always in shadow, to the porch.

"Show a light, Kerrigan," said Smith.

I shone the ray of a torch upon the door—then caught my breath. The glass panel was shattered to fragments, the door half open . . .

"Look!" groaned Smith. "We're too late!"

THE kitchen quarters showed no evidence of disturbance. The barbaric figure of Flammario, wrapped in her sables, jungle eyes flashing from point to point, struck a note truly bizarre.

"They are here ahead of us," she said in a hoarse whisper. "That mongrel Paulo—"

"Quiet!" Smith said, imperatively yet in a low voice. "I want to listen."

And the three of us stood there listening.

Very remotely, sounds from the Canal reached me—shipping sounds. I was about to speak, when:

"*Ssh!*" whispered Smith.

Tensely I listened—and presently I heard the sound which had arrested his attention. It was a very faint creaking, and it came from somewhere upstairs.

"They are still here!" exploded Flammario. "Have your guns ready!"

With that she raced out of the kitchen into a passage beyond, switching up the lights as she went. I found myself in a dining room very simply furnished. The curtains were drawn along the whole of one side and to these Flammario darted, wrenching them apart. I saw a garden dappled with molten silver where the moon poured down upon it. There was a terrace with cane chairs and tables; but there was no one there.

The atmosphere smelled stale, as that of a room unused.

"There it is again!" said Smith.

We fell silent, listening. . . . Unmistakably, there was a sound of movement upstairs.

Smith was already dashing for a door at the other end of the room. Flammario overtook him and switched up a light in a square lobby. He started up a short flight of carpeted stairs so rapidly that I made a bad third. On the landing, the light of which was subdued, three doors offered—and they were all locked.

"This is where we want the coppers!" said Flammario huskily. "Blow that whistle of yours."

"Quiet!"

I could hear her rapid breathing as she stood beside me in semi-darkness; for the only light was a sort of shaded lantern. One, two, five, ten seconds we waited, but the silence remained unbroken. I pictured Ardatha gagged and bound—I pictured her dead. I think, in all my quest of her since she had revealed to me the truth of her slavery to Dr. Fu Manchu, I had experienced no keener sense of longing to hear her voice—of terror that I should never hear it again.

"Blowing a lock out is not so easy in fact as in fiction," said Smith; "but these are not the good old-fashioned kind of doors—just matchwood and three-ply. See what a hundred and seventy pounds can do with that one, Kerrigan. I'll tackle this."

PUSHING Flammario aside, I stood back from the door to within a stride of the staircase and then, shoulder down, hurled myself upon it.

A metallic rattle and a faint creak rewarded my first charge. Smith had attacked that immediately facing the staircase. He had had no greater success.

"Kick a panel out, Kerrigan!" he cried. "There may be a key inside."

I tried, while the strange woman from the Passion Fruit Tree urged us on.

"Go to it, boys!" she screamed huskily. "Never weaken! We are here to kill!"

So successful was my second attack that the door crashed open and I pitched headfirst into darkness.

Staggering to my feet, breathing heavily, I groped my way back to the doorway to find the switch. As I turned up the light, a sound of banging and splintering came from the landing outside.

I was in an untidy office. The drawers of a roll-top desk had been broken open and the place showed other evidences of a hasty search. However, it was empty, and it seemed to possess no other door. I ran back on to the landing just as Smith had kicked his right heel through a panel. Reaching in, he evidently found a key, for a moment later the door was thrown open. I followed him into what proved to be a small suite, sitting room, bedroom, and bathroom, fitted up in an effeminate and luxurious manner.

There were framed pictures of women, mostly cabaret artistes, upon the walls; a deep-cushioned divan; a shaded lamp held aloft by an ivory nymph in a niche behind it. Fine Persian carpets covered the floor. I saw leopard skins and exotic furniture. There was a faint perfume in the place.

"This is Lou's new nest," said Flammario breathlessly. "I know his tracks." She ran into the bedroom. "Not a trace. No one has been here."

"Where is Ardatha?" muttered Smith. "Come on. The third door!"

But outside we pulled up at a hissed injunction, and stood awhile silent.

"Do you hear it?" cried Flammario. "That rat, Lou, is hiding in the loft!"

"How do we get to the loft?" snapped Smith.

"Through this door. There are two other rooms beyond and a back stair to the loft."

Turn and turn about, Smith and I hurled ourselves against the third door until at last, with a splintering crash, it gave. We crowded into a short passage, rooms right and left. Both doors were wide open. In one which had shuttered windows we found the evidence for which we sought . . .

It was a bedroom with a bathroom attached. The lock of the door had been smashed in. The bed was disordered but the coverlet had not been turned down. In other words, no one had slept in the bed. Smith ran eagerly from point to point like a hound keen on the scent.

"This is where he had her locked up!" he cried.

"Sure!" snarled Flammario. "These cigarettes in the tray were smoked by a woman."

"You are right! And after the door was crashed in, the woman was dragged out. It is easy enough to reconstruct the scene. And—hello! What have we here?"

I saw something glittering at his feet as, stooping, he picked up a ring—a beautifully cut scarab of lapis lazuli set in a dull gold band. At sight of it I knew—and what I knew chilled me. No further possibility of doubt remained.

It was Ardatha's ring.

"She was conscious when they carried her off," said Smith. "This ring was left as a clue. A consolation to know that they did not drug her."

But Flammario was already out in the passage which, as I saw now, terminated on a landing leading up to a back staircase. The stair ended before a small door.

We ran up. The platform before the door was so narrow as to give little purchase for an attack, but:

"There's no metal surround to this keyhole," said Smith. "The door is fast. I shall try to shoot the lock out . . . *Ssh!* Listen!"

HOLIDAY TRIMMINGS SOMETIMES CAUSE ANNOYING BANGS ON THE FINGERS...

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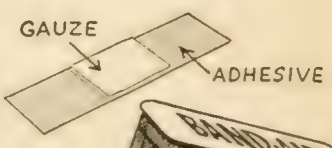

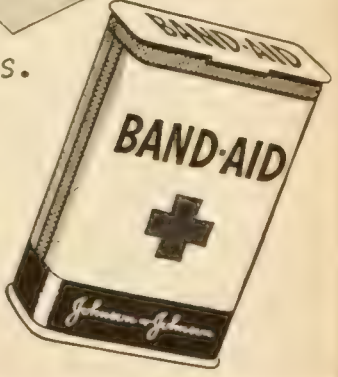

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BAND-AID

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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

He and I stood still for a moment, listening again. A subdued scrambling sound which might almost have been made by a rat came to my ears.

"Here goes!" snapped Smith.

It was as he fired once, twice, and muffled detonations echoed weirdly about the place that I thought of Flammario—turned, and found that she was not there!

"Smith!" I cried. "Flammario has gone!"

"Can't help that!" he cried. "Those shots will have brought up the raid squad."

I followed him into a storeroom lighted by a single lamp suspended from rafters. There was one window, a low gable window. That part of it made to open was not wide enough to permit the passage of a man's body, but the frame of the larger part beneath had been forced out of place, fragments of glass lay on the floor, suggesting that, leaning through the opening above, some one who had been in the attic had knocked the glass in from the outside and then forced the sash. As Smith craned out:

"A balcony just below," he reported, "running outside those rooms we have already seen . . . and, hello!—a stair up to it from the garden!"

He turned and ran to the door.

"You understand, Kerrigan?" he cried. "Fu Manchu's thugs got here before us! The man Cabot, who had Ardatha locked in that room below, bolted up here to save himself. What he had planned to do he has done: forced a way through this window, dropped on to the balcony below and, unless the police catch him—made a clean getaway!"

WE were running along the lower passage now, making for the staircase.

A theory to account for the remarkable behavior of Flammario at the moment that Smith and I had entered the loft had just begun to form in my mind as we ran down the stairs, across, and out through the kitchen to the back porch. The balcony from which the fugitive had made his escape ran along this side of the house. As we came into the darkness there, Smith, a pace ahead of me, pulled up suddenly and grasped my wrist with a grip that hurt.

A high piercing shriek, followed by gurgling, sobbing sounds, split the silence frightfully.

As that dreadful cry died away I heard a shout—a sound of running footsteps. The police were closing in. Two paces forward we moved hesitantly, and there, half in shadow and half silhouetted against a silver curtain of moonlight, I saw Flammario. She stood at the foot of the steps leading down from the balcony. Her cloak had slipped; she looked like a sculptured Fury.

Hearing us, she turned in our direction. I could see the glitter of her amber eyes. Then, stooping into the shadows at her feet she retrieved the sable cloak, threw it about her shoulders.

"I reckon that balances our account, Lou," she panted.

Captain Beecher raced up to join us, followed by two other police officers, as a ray from Smith's torch shone fully down upon a man who lay there. He was prone, but in falling had twisted his head sideways, as if at the moment that death came he had looked swiftly behind him. Starring eyes held a question, which had been horribly answered.

It was the man of Panama.

His fingers were embedded in the turf on which he lay and the hilt of a dagger decorated with silver which glittered evilly in the light, protruded squarely from between his shoulder blades.

Police Captain Beecher glanced from the dead man to the fur-wrapped figure of Flammario, whose tawny eyes regarded him contemptuously.

"So we have you on the books at last!"

"Forget it!" rapped Smith. "She won't run away. The girl—the girl who was captive here—has been carried off. She must not be smuggled out of Colón. Advise the port. Hold all outgoing shipping till further orders. Spare no efforts."

But what with frustrated hopes and new fears, such a cloak of misery had descended upon me that I could not think consistently. There was movement all about, the issuing of rapid orders, men hurrying away. And presently, reaching me as if from a distance, came Smith's words:

"Take care of Flammario. After all, she has done her best for us. Return straight to the hotel."

A hand touched my arm. I looked into brilliant amber eyes.

"Drive me back, please," said Flammario, "or I shall be late for my show. . . ."

Of what she said to me on the way back, this red-handed murderess, I recollect not one word. I know that her arms were about me. I presume it was a normal gesture employed whenever she found herself alone in a man's company. I think, just before we reached the side entrance to the Passion Fruit Tree, she kissed me on the lips. I started back. She laughed huskily. I would have left her at the door, but:

"You have lost your girl friend," she said; "you must want a drink." I think in her half-savage way she was trying to be sympathetic. "Go through there to the bar. If you wait, I have a drink with you."

As she ran toward her dressing room, I opened the back door to the bar. It was true that suddenly, and only at that very moment, did I realize how badly I needed a stiff brandy-and-soda. The barman turned swiftly but, recognizing me, allowed me to pass.

There was no one in the bar; and he had just placed my drink before me when the lights went out.

Morbid curiosity induced me to walk out onto the balcony. A subdued, excited hum of conversation rose from below: evidently there had been other arrivals. Then, to the muted strains of the unseen band, Flammario entered.

She stood there, picked up by the spotlight, and slowly began to dance—her lips set in the eternal voluptuous smile of the African dancers of all time, the smile which lives forever upon the painted walls of ancient Egypt.

Fascinated against my will, I watched her, when from behind me I heard the faint note of a telephone bell. A moment later the barman touched me on the shoulder.

"You are wanted on the phone."

Desperation fought to conquer hope within me as I took up the receiver. The caller was Nayland Smith.

"Come back at once. . . . Barton has been knocked out."

While Nayland Smith and Kerrigan have been on the trail of Lou Cabot, have other members of the murderous Si Fan hunted down Sir Lionel? With Cabot dead, will Ardatha gain her freedom, or is she caught again in Fu Manchu's net? Has Flammario made up her mind to infatuate Kerrigan? Next week's Liberty holds a surprising answer.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By Jack Dempsey

DEMOCRACY means everything to me.

It means civilization; it means living as God intended human beings to live together; it means freedom of speech, religion, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In my callow youth, to me democracy meant politics, and politics meant giving a guy a nickel cigar to have him vote for you. But today even the youth of America knows the true meaning of democracy. It does *not* mean politics; it means popular government of the people, for the greatest good of all the people, by representatives elected by the people who are to be governed. It means a state of society in which no hereditary differences of rank or privilege are recognized, where all law-abiding persons are free and equal and entitled to an even break.

Today, democracy means America!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **GABRIEL'S SEARCH**, by Della T. Lutes. Little Brown & Co.

Appealing novel of southern Michigan in the 1830s. As full-bodied and substantial and delicious as Della Lutes' famous recipes, which continue in this book to enable all her characters to eat wondrously well.

BY PROFESSOR
WALTER B. PITKIN
author of Life Begins at Forty

A young lady sighs over the loss of her sweetheart. He wed another.

Get dividends out of living!—Here's help

Seven Steps to PERSONAL SUCCESS

5 Your Character

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU set out to improve your personality. You start work on your appearance, for this is the easiest to change. Next, you add to your skills. You learn how to do new tasks and to indulge in new forms of play and sports, for these help people and amuse them too. As soon as you are doing many little things for people your personality is well on its way to maturing.

What next?

Character.

And now we reach the first of the three great ingredients. Appearance, work skills, and play skills are all slight when set beside character, urge, and drive. Many a passable personality has been fashioned without urge and drive, but none has ever taken form without character. So character is the key to the whole business. It isn't the door, and it isn't the lock in the door; it's the key. Without it you can't enter.

TO be somebody, do something. Yes. But to be a character, act in character always. Once you grasp what this means, you understand why we find so few great characters around us.

What is character? Few of us know. We have no character training in the schools, and precious little in most homes. Children grow up moral morons, through no fault of their own. Hence we have few powerful personalities; for one must first develop strong character to become a strong personality. This statement will bewilder everybody who has lacked sound character training. And this is my bad luck; for I cannot help you further with your personality until I have taught you the A B C of character.

You should have been learning that at the age of fifteen or earlier.

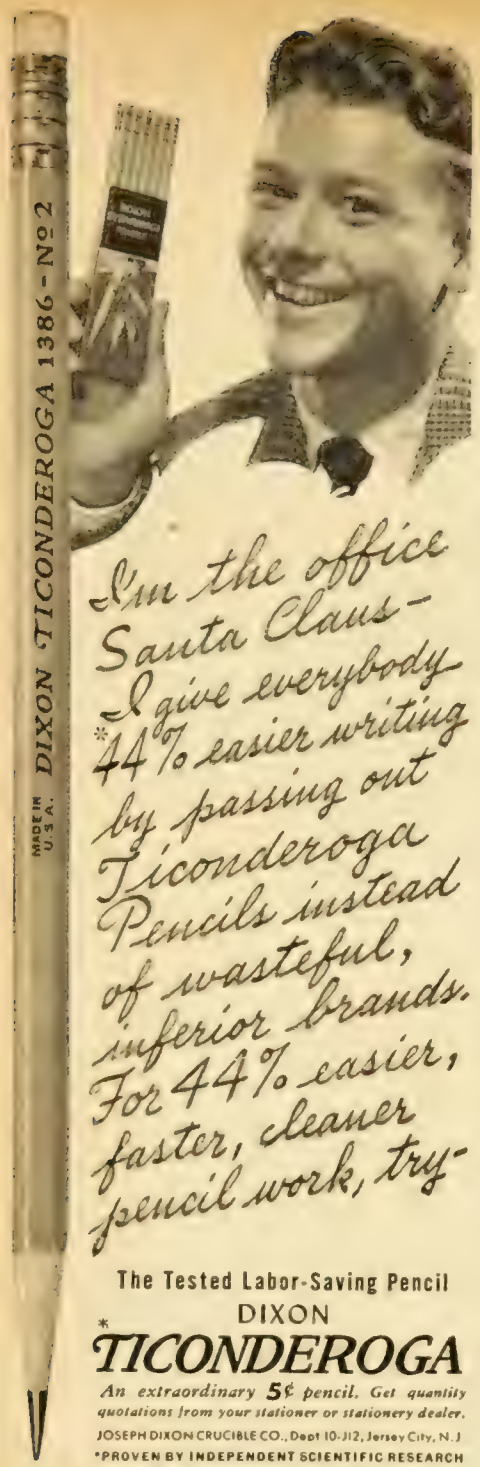
What is character?

It is skill in getting what you want without harming yourself or others out of all proportion to the good you'll get.

This skill involves clear knowledge of the effects of your act on yourself and on other people. It involves also information about all the possible ways and means of getting what you want. Finally, it involves information about the second-best and third-best and fourth-best things to go after in case you find that you cannot get your first choice.

You must be exceptionally well informed and cunning and skillful to develop a strong character. It never appears in fools or simpletons. You have to know the world. You have to know people. You have to know tricks. Quite an order, eh?

All the problems of character arise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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Faster Than Quinine
At the first symptom of a cold—get
Salicon Tablets 25c

from one or both of two predicaments. You often want something which, in the long run, does you more harm than good. And secondly, you often want something that other people oppose your getting. They may oppose you because they want the same thing and there isn't enough of it to go around. Or they may oppose you because they think the thing will harm them much more than it will benefit you. Or they may oppose you because they have some ideas about the thing you want which make it repugnant in their eyes. They think nobody should have it, neither you nor themselves.

Now, when you come into conflict with somebody over such a desire, you find five possible outcomes:

1. You may end in a deadlock. Nobody gets anything.
2. You may overwhelm your adversary.
3. You may run away from him and get what you want somewhere else, where he can't reach you.
4. You may meekly give in to him.
5. You may haggle with him, yield a little on this point, hold fast on that, and end up with a working compromise which appeases him and yourself.

I suggest that you commit these five outcomes to memory. Whenever you face a character problem, run over all five and consider which is worth trying out first, which second, and so on. I've often done just that, to my own great profit.

Beware of sticking to one solution for all kinds of problems. You'll end up in a mess, I guarantee. Fit your conduct to the case, always. Sometimes the deadlock is best. Sometimes total surrender is best. Sometimes a compromise is best. You never can tell until you face the situation and analyze it.

Isn't it clear that you will choose a course which you can pursue with the highest skill and cunning? Thus are your chances of winning all, or at least much, greatly improved.

HOW many tricks do you know of scaring the other fellow off? Of making him feel that you'll wear him down rather than give in? Of diverting him to other matters, so that you can get what you want after he's turned away? Of luring him with agreeable alternatives? Of offering him something else just as good? Of crushing him in open debate? Of breaking down his patience by your own greater patience? Of convincing him that he has nothing to gain from blocking you? Of appealing to his friends to side with you against him? Of arousing the public against him if he makes outrageous demands?

Thousands of tricks have been devised by ingenious men. Study them. You'll find some despicable, some doubtful, many excellent. As you analyze them, you'll make progress only if you understand that a man of character always treats those who oppose him as people, never as animals, never as inanimate things.

Zero character appears in a man like Hitler, who puts his own desires so far above those of hundreds of millions of other people that he eagerly resorts to tricks which treat these millions as mere animals or even as sticks and stones. They have no rights as against his cravings for power and glory. Kill a million young men to win a campaign. Bomb women and children as they flee their blazing villages. Steal, lie, torture people who refuse to give in to you utterly.

Low characters never sink to the Hitler level. But some come close to it. Others are halfway moral. A business man asks me to help him organize a new company. He says he has no funds but soon will have enough to pay me for my time and services. I help him. Two years later his business is doing very well. He is still using my secretary part time, without paying her. I suggest to him that he pay her. He resents this and stops coming around. I think it time to ask a credit bureau about him. I find that he had plenty of cash from the start.

He pulled the same old lie on a dozen other suckers to get something for nothing. So he is just a little Hitler.

A COLLEGE boy asks me for a loan to get started in business after graduating. I find his school record good. I advance funds. Four years later he is prosperous. But he has never repaid a dime. Friends tell me he regards me as a sucker—which I plainly am, for I assume well bred people to be decent. I hold his personal note. How much am I bid for it? Sold to the lady over in the corner for four cents.

Every community swarms with little Hitlers like these. Man seduces girl and runs away. Farmer cheats farmhand out of year's wages. Gangster shoots a storekeeper who refuses to pay "protection." Crook sells poor widow a cemetery lot that doesn't exist. . . .

On and on flows the filthy stream of moral morons who treat other people like animals or worse. No wonder a man of genuine character stands out like a monument in the midst of a dreary plain.

If you wish to stand out above the mass of characterless folks and weak characters, begin at once dealing with people on the assumption that they want things just as keenly as you do, and that they have as much right to get what they want as you have, other things being equal.

So much for a start. Next, you must learn to analyze the probable consequences of your acts before you start anything. Impulsive behavior, going it blind, leaping before you look are strictly immoral whenever other people may be involved in your deeds. If such heedless conduct had no other evil effect, it would still be evil because it is sure to excite, frighten, vex, or infuriate people.

As you sit in a motion-picture house, you smell smoke. You look

around and think you see a faint red glow in a side entrance. You leap to your feet and rush up the aisle screeching, "Fire!" Result: Sixteen children trampled to death. The fire was just a reflection. . . . So where do you get off?

Just before the judge sentences you, you wail that you didn't think anything but good would come from what you did. Then the judge, if sensible, adds five more years to your prison term.

You know the old rule: "When angry, count ten." Well, it ought to be revised: "When impelled to do anything important, count an even hundred. If the matter is then at all doubtful, do nothing."

It's always better to be too slow than too fast, provided that your slowness is caused by much thinking about consequences. Sometimes, again, mere delays without much reflecting are good in that the situation changes from hour to hour; and, as it changes, you gain fresh insights and better judgment.

It works out pretty much as does the old rule about answering letters. Many a man follows this rule in some form. Leave all letters unanswered for a week; by the end of that time, half of them will require no answer, while the other half will have answered themselves. I don't approve of this rule; but I do say that simple delay has its uses in clearing up one's conduct.

Your next rule is hard. Study your own wishes and aspirations continually. Criticize them. Seek weak spots in them. Thus you weed out foolish aims and strengthen your worthiest.

Few of us come by our wishes honestly. Nursemaids slipped some over on us when we were too young to understand. Fond mamas foisted others on us when we wanted to please them. Teachers argued us into crazy ambitions. We picked up others from newspapers and from gossip. So, when we are grown up, our heads are buzzing with wild bees. And no honey comes.

When I was young, many a business man used to tell me that any smart boy who would work hard could make a million dollars. I well recall the feverish debates my father, my uncle, and I used to fight through over this question. They managed to persuade me in time that my advisers were idiots.

Once I overheard a fat rich woman tell a friend that any clever girl could marry a millionaire if she put her mind to it. I had sufficient sense by that time to recall the number of millionaires there are available. From this number I calculated how few clever girls there must be. Not one more than the number of millionaires! Gosh!

Thousands of stupid lies and superstitions get into young minds every day. Until they are eradicated, those minds go on trying to get impossible things; and then somebody suffers. False ambitions are much more dangerous than too high ambitions.

May I suggest that you try to prove to yourself that each thing you crave is attainable and also worth getting at the price you must pay for it in time, energy, and perhaps money? You'll find it much better to work for possible things than for impossible; better to seek things within your range of abilities than things beyond them.

As you pursue this study, carry out my earlier suggestion. Do what every great general does, what every great chess player does, what every great master of any technique must do. If you cannot get what you want, find the second-best thing. See if you can get that. If this is beyond you, seek the third-best. And so on until you get the best you can.

Here is one of the shrewdest of all character rules. It has been practiced by the wise men of all time. A young lady sighs over the loss of her favorite

And now, what next to improve your personality and head yourself toward success? Professor Pitkin will tell you next week.

sweethheart. He wed another, alas! But what of it? There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Within fifty miles of where she wails are ten thousand equally eligible young men. It was only by mere chance that ever she met the one who jilted her. Why be so dependent upon chance? Silly.

A youth dreams of becoming an electrical engineer. Something happens to block him. Is he ruined? Bosh! He can find a hundred careers which, if earnestly studied, will make him just as successful and just as happy as electrical engineering. How poignantly I recall my bitterness over my inability to become an architect! My parents couldn't afford the costly training, and there were no scholarships to be found in architecture in those days. It was pretty tough for a while. But I soon persuaded myself that life held other satisfactions, and to them I turned with some measure of success.

Since those days I've watched many a youth sink into despair and then rise blithely. This is a fair test of one's realism. Whoever sees things as they are soon learns that there are many second bests which are virtually as good as the first choices, and many a third best which satisfies in the long run.

Remember always that your first choices may be meaningless, foolish, and even poisonous. We all live and learn. And if we learn much about ourselves it is much easier to find ourselves in the world. Knowing what we can do without helps us to make clever compromises with other people who stand between us and our first choice. Hence, you see, such knowledge strengthens character.

I'll bet you never thought of that, did you?

THE END

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Ann stared at me; then she ventured: "What's wrong?"

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Death waits for a lady

Innocence—or woman's guile? Peril hovers, suspicion deepens in a novel of thrilling mystery

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

WHEN Bartlett Todd, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, a wealthy invalid, starts out in his yawl, the White Heron, for the Barren Cays in the Bahamas to investigate a wreck which the Commodore believes is the sloop Bluebird, on which his son, Duncan Campbell, and Duncan's wife, Deborah, sailed twenty years ago, he expects to get help from Jeremy Jones. Jones is a writer on yachting who, with his wife and his eighteen-year-old daughter Ann, visited the wreck. But on reaching Fiddler Cay he finds out that Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been drowned, and that Ann, who is living at Little Harbor with an old doctor and his wife, the Featherstones, has been engaged as a pilot by some one else who is interested in the Bluebird. This some one is Charles Campbell, the Commodore's ne'er-do-well son, who has just married the beautiful Iris Lake, formerly head of a rumrunning ring and now the owner of a Miami night club.

Bart himself had been half in love with Iris until he met Ann. Now, when he visits her on her boat, the Daiquiri, he sees her as she really is—cheap, ruthless, and untrustworthy. She and Charlie do not want him to go out to the Barren Cays because—according to their story—Charlie believes that the Commodore has ordered Bart to destroy all evidence that the wreck is the Bluebird, to keep Duncan from being proved dead and thus to prevent Charlie from inheriting a large sum of money which Duncan left in a Boston bank. But Bart, when he leaves the Daiquiri, isn't sure this is the real reason and wonders what the two are up to.

Tommy, the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, is with Bart on the White Heron. As they walk along the beach on Fiddler Cay to go to Little Harbor, they find footprints in the sand, and they suspect some one has been watching their boat, which is anchored offshore. Ann Jones has acted in a peculiarly distant manner, and Bart, anxious to find out why, goes with Tommy to call on her at the Featherstones'. There they meet a young man, Greenwood Gates. As soon as he sees him, Bart is sure that he is the one who has been spying on the White Heron.

PART FOUR—THE ENIGMA OF ANN

MRS. FEATHERSTONE picked up a deck chair and started to unfold it. Tommy sprang to help her, and I stood for a moment looking at Ann Jones. She seemed, beside this callow youth who might even be several years her elder, mature and poised. She seemed, too, so fresh and clean-cut, so honest, I found it hard to believe she could be taken in by Iris and Charlie Campbell. I wanted to ask, in fact I was on the point of asking, "Ann, why

did you send this kid down to spy on us?"

And then she said: "It's too bad you didn't make the harbor before the wind hauled into the northwest. The water milks up terribly, doesn't it?"

"We're all right," I said stiffly. "I'm in no hurry and the boat is in no danger." The doctor pulled at my sleeve, and as I turned to him he said with boyish eagerness:

"I want you to look through my telescope."

I'd much rather have continued my conversation with Ann, because I was in the mood to talk things out without pulling any punches. But I didn't want to hurt the old man's feelings, so I walked over to the telescope which, on its tripod, stood in one corner of the porch.

I glanced around before putting my eye to the scope. The view from the porch was breath-taking. To eastward the open blue sea stretched to the unbroken horizon. To westward lay the banks and reefs, which, covered by only a few feet of water, were jade-green and dull yellow and muddy brown. Beyond them, bright green in the dazzling sunlight, lay Hubbard Cay. And stretching out from the foot of the hill for a good ten miles was the thinning wedge of Fiddler Cay. I could even see the White Heron lying at anchor so close to the shore that, from this distance, she seemed to be aground.

"It's beautiful," I said.

"Try the telescope, Mr. Todd," the doctor urged.

I BENT to the eyepiece, and for an instant, until my eye adjusted itself, I saw only a blur of white and green. Then, like a motion picture irising in, the scene became sharp and I saw the White Heron.

She was heeled over. Spray was flying across her deck. Each wave struck her with such force that I could almost see and hear her timbers shudder under the impact. She was in fact hard and fast aground, perhaps breaking up; and neither Killer nor Albert was anywhere in sight.

I turned from the telescope, so furious I could not speak. Ann stared at me for a moment; then she ventured:

"What's wrong?"

I wanted to tell her she knew well enough what was wrong. If she didn't, why was the telescope turned directly on the Heron? The silence grew tense when I did not reply, and finally all of the people on the porch were staring at me. All except Greenwood Gates. Gates was looking at the floor, licking his lips. Then he shattered the silence with a tittery laugh. His face was red when he looked up at me, when he grinned and said:

"Well, reckon hit's time Hi was sailin' 'ome. Got to round up my crew an' go sharkin' this hafternoon."

It was just as though he had said: "Well, I've done my job; I might as well be on my way."

I don't know why I didn't hit him then and there.

THIS hulking, handsome kid, Greenwood Gates, edged toward the door, said: "Good-by, Ann."

Ann Jones, staring at me, ignored him. "What's wrong, Mr. Todd?"

"The Heron is aground, that's what's wrong!" I blurted.

"No! What a shame!" She was pretty good, I thought, at feigning surprise. Then, with a shrug of her fine shoulders: "However, you should have known better than to come over here with poor ground tackle."

Though her censure was tempered with a smile, it still added plenty of fuel to the fires of my wrath. I glared at her, thinking of several things I'd like to say and yet not trusting myself to say them until I cooled off a little. But Tommy cried angrily:

"Our ground tackle was all right! The line was brand-new, wasn't it, Bart?"

Greenwood Gates had reached the door. As he put out his hand to grasp the knob, I shouted:

"Wait a minute, Gates! I want to talk to you."

Greenwood Gates whirled around, dashed out the door, and disappeared down the path.

"He's not used to strangers," the old doctor said apologetically. "He is shy, but a very fine lad." He chuckled. "At least, Ann thinks so. They're practically engaged."

"Feathers!" his wife exclaimed. "What a way to talk! Ann is *not* going to marry that good-for-nothing shark fisherman!"

"Now, now, my dear! The lad comes from fine stock. His grandfather—"

I left them bickering and followed Ann, who had walked over to the telescope. She peered into the eyepiece for a few moments. When she raised her head and turned to me, I saw that a deep flush had spread over her face. She pretended not to hear the Featherstones, who were still discussing her and Gates, as she said: "Your boat is in trouble, all right, Mr. Todd."

"Are you telling me!"

Mrs. Featherstone walked over to me. "Such a shyme, Misther Todd. Ann, can't ye take the launch and go down there? Ye may be able to pull the boat off the beach."

"Of course. I'll be glad to help him in any way I can."

I looked her squarely in the eye. "Now that the damage is done, you're most co-operative."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, bristling.

"I mean I can get along very well without you. Come on, Tommy."

The boy was looking through the telescope. He stepped back. "Gee! The poor ol' Heron's breakin' up, Bart! And I don't see Albert nor Killer. Look, Bart! Albert can't swim."

"I know it. Come on."

"Ann," Mrs. Featherstone began, "shorely ye—"

The look on Ann's face must have stopped her. The girl's lips were tight, her firm clean-cut jaw was set, and her wide blue eyes blazed with indignation. She was burning; which was all right, too — I was steamed up myself.

"I said, Mr. Todd," Ann declared in clipped accents, "I shall be glad to do all I can to help you."

"And I said, Miss Jones, I don't need your help." I turned away from her. "Good-by, Mrs. Featherstone. Good-by, doctor. I'm sorry to rush off like this."

I started toward the door, with Tommy falling in at my heels. I didn't look back as I went out of the porch, down the steps, and along the path through the garden. I turned right where the two paths intersected, and in another minute we came out of the trees onto the beach. There I paused to look at the footprints in the sand. Sure enough, there was another set now. The barefooted man whose tracks we had seen leading down the beach had returned.

"The fellow's not used to shoes," I remarked. "He cached them in the trees before he started out and put them on again when he came back, before he went up to the house."

"Who, Bart? Was it that guy we met up there?"

"Skip it, Tommy. Let's go."

I set the pace straight out as fast as I could walk, forgetting that we had a good two miles of soft sand to cover and, probably, a tough job of work facing us when we got there —if, indeed, there was anything that could be done for the White Heron. She was aground on a lee shore, with every wave pounding her harder and deeper into the sand.

WE had covered a hundred yards when I heard some one running behind us. And then Ann Jones, gasping for breath after each phrase, cried: "You wait . . . you can't . . . run off . . . like this."

I stopped and turned and faced her. She looked now, as she came running up to me, more determined than angry.

"Well?" I said.

"You can't do this to me!"

"I can't do what to you?"

"Blame me because your boat got in trouble. I know how you feel, because a boat—is almost human. And we people who love boats—when we see one in trouble—it's just like seeing a person being tortured. I felt as bad as you did—when I saw your boat."

"Perhaps you did," I replied. "But at least you weren't surprised. You knew all the time she was aground."

"I? Knew she was aground! Why—"

"Then why was the telescope turned so that I'd see her the instant I looked into it?"

"You think I knew she was

aground and had it turned that way deliberately?" she demanded hotly.

Her amazement was so genuine I couldn't believe she was acting. "I'll withdraw that," I said.

"I think you should. I looked at the White Heron several hours ago, and she was all right then. When you said she was aground—I was so surprised I was probably a little sharp. She's such a beautiful boat—and I thought it was your fault she was aground — because you hadn't anchored her properly. You see, I'm like Jeremy. He always said he was allergic to these city people who don't know how to handle boats—and get in trouble—and make a lot of work for us natives."

FOR a minute I couldn't say a word. I was stopped.

Ann said at last: "I know you blame me because your boat went ashore. You think I should have offered to pilot you into the harbor last night. And if you had asked me—"

"Please, Ann!" I exclaimed. "It isn't my idea the Heron *went* ashore. I'm certain she was *put* ashore."

"*Put* ashore! You mean—by Albert? Or by that fellow you call Killer?"

"No. I mean that some one came down from Little Harbor this morning and cut our anchor line. And I believe I know who did the job."

"Who?" she asked.

"Your friend from Hubbard Cay, of course."

She looked at me as though she thought I had lost my mind.

"Greenwood? Do a thing like that?"

"Look at those footprints." I pointed to the tracks.

She stared at them for a moment. Then she shook her head, turned, met my eyes. Her cheeks looked hot.

"Greenwood may have made them. Like all our islanders, he sees very few strangers and he's intensely curious. He's shy, too. He may have walked down the cay to look you over. But I'm sure he didn't harm the Heron. Why should—"

She broke off. A look almost of horror came over her face. She dropped her eyes and stood making small circles on the sand with the toe of her shoe. When she finally raised her chin she looked utterly miserable, and I didn't have the heart—no matter what she had done—to force the argument further.

"It's so wild," she said slowly, "Why, it's almost insane. I can't believe it. I won't believe it! Mr. Todd, you've got to let me go back with you. And the quickest way to go is in the doctor's launch."

"I'm willing. But, the way the water is now, can you follow the channel? I'd hate to be the cause of wrecking the doctor's boat."

"I won't wreck it. It only draws two feet, you know, and we don't have to follow the channel. There are a couple of banks to avoid, but I could do that blindfolded. We ought to hurry. Every minute counts when a boat's piled up on a lee shore like that. Come on!"

She had been standing between us, and as we started back up the beach she impulsively took my hand and Tommy's. She pulled us into a run and we tore hand in hand up the beach. As my breathing and my pulse started to quicken, I could feel the resentment I had harbored toward her evaporating as though it were a poison flowing out of my system.

The three of us ran up the hill,

"I'd like a bike, a rifle, some marbles, and the answers to next week's arithmetic."

over the crest, and on down into the town. There Ann dropped into a walk, remarking: "We don't want the natives to see us running. They're the most curious people in the world, and if they thought something was up, we'd never get rid of them. They'd launch their boats and follow us right down the cay."

"Maybe they could help us pull off the Heron," Tommy suggested; he was never one to overlook an angle.

"None of their boats have power, Tommy, and they'd only get in the way," Ann said.

However, though we tried not to evoke any undue curiosity, by the time we reached the beach where the doctor's dinghy was drawn up under a palm-branch shelter, we had picked up quite a following of black men and black kids and yapping dogs. When Tommy and I took hold of the dink to launch it, the blacks crowded in beside us to help, stepped on our feet, practically took the boat away from us and carried it out into the water. Ann, in talking to them and parrying their questions, was stern. I could see they respected her, perhaps even feared her a little.

The doctor's ancient launch, which I saw was called the Heatherbloom, was at a mooring a hundred feet offshore. Tommy, who was handy with the single oar, sculled us out to it, and we made the dinghy fast by its painter and scrambled aboard. The launch had a small house amidships, a raised deck forward, and an open fishing cockpit aft. Its vintage was about 1910.

"If you'll tell me what to do, Ann, I'll start the motor," I said.

"I can start it faster than I can tell you how. Tommy, how about casting off our mooring when the engine takes hold?"

Tommy scrambled out on the raised deck. Ann primed the one big cylinder, flipped the flywheel. The engine caught on the first half turn.

Ann took the wheel, sheered around the mooring buoy, and headed for the small opening which made in from outside.

She passed the Daiquiri, which lay snugly at anchor on the jade-green, white-capped bay. She did not even glance at the big cruiser. I looked for Charlie and Iris. They were not in sight, but two sailors leaning on the rail waved to me cheerfully. The Daiquirette, the trim little twenty-foot cruiser the big boat carried, was still in her cradle on the top deck.

I stepped up and joined Ann beside the wheel, not saying anything, just thinking. Thinking of Charlie Campbell, who was desperate for money. Thinking of Iris Lake, who hated me. Thinking of those two people married, which didn't make sense.

And finally I thought of Charlie's refusal to allow me to accompany him to Bootjack Cay and of Iris' feeble defense of his stand; and that didn't make sense either. I glanced at Ann Jones then, and all at once the spirit in which we had climbed the hill and hurried through the town and embarked in the doctor's old motorboat—a spirit almost of gaiety and high adventure—was gone. In its place was only bewilderment and an unnamed dread.

I was, you see, *afraid* of Iris Lake.

AS the Daiquiri drew astern, I asked, perhaps a little bitterly: "Were you planning to start out with the Campbells today?"

"Oh, no," Ann Jones replied.

"I wouldn't, you understand, want you to neglect your work."

"I'm not."

Her voice was completely matter-of-fact. If she was conscious of the sarcasm in my tone, or of the issue between Charlie Campbell and me, she did not show it.

"I wouldn't dare start out today," she went on, quite casually. "It's much too rough and Mr. Campbell, I suspect, is the type who gets seasick. Of course we're not going on the Daiquiri. She draws too much water. Even your yawl draws a lot for those waters."

"I'll take a chance," I said impatiently. "How are you going?"

"We'll take the Daiquirette, the little cruiser."

"When will you leave?"

"We'll have to wait until this wind moderates a bit—or hauls into the southeast where it belongs. Maybe you don't realize how a nor'wester can kick things up outside."

"Perhaps it's too rough for us to go out now."

My voice was still raw, sarcastic, but hers remained even and placid, almost gay.

"No, we won't have any trouble. This old tub is more able than she looks. We'll take a dusting, but I know you won't mind that."

"Not in the least."

"It's a shame we're worried about the Heron. If it weren't for that, we'd both enjoy a good rough run outside. I like dangerous water, don't you?"

"I like any kind of water, just so long as there's enough of it to float a boat."

HER black wavy hair was flying in the wind. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes, which were as near the color of Gulf Stream blue as human eyes could be, were sparkling. She looked around at me and smiled. Her smile gave me the feeling that I belonged. It warmed my heart, and for a moment I forgot that I had plenty of reason not only to dislike Ann Jones but actually to distrust her. Then she said, still smiling and yet measuring each word:

"You don't look at all like the sort of person who'd let a mean old man dictate to you."

That brought me down to earth and the warm feeling around my heart went away. I said, "Pass it, Ann."

I looked out ahead through the unglassed open windows of the pilothouse. I sensed Ann was still watching me. I felt my face getting red, and the realization that she would take this as an indication of embarrassment, if not of actual guilt, didn't make me like either the situation or Ann Jones any better. But that was all right, too—I didn't want to like her too well, because I knew that sooner or later we were going to clash a lot harder than we had already.

The pass angled sharply to port. The mangroves opened and I could see the waves breaking high on the bar outside. They looked mean and dangerous, I thought; and Tommy must have thought the same thing, because without a word from me he scrambled aft along the raised deck, hauled himself around the pilothouse, and popped into the cockpit, yelling excitedly: "Some fun, huh? Remember, Ann, when we crossed the bar south of Hopetown? Boy, that was something! Wasn't it, Ann?"

"That was something, all right, sailor."

He seemed to have forgotten, in his excitement, that he was mad at Ann Jones.

The girl reached into a locker under the wheel and hauled out a battered sou'wester, which she donned, tucking her hair up into the crown and buttoning the strap under her chin.

"I don't mind water," she said almost apologetically, "just so long as I keep my head dry. Of course," she added, with a little chuckle that wasn't quite a laugh, "I'm not thinking for an instant of the finger wave Mrs. Featherstone put in my hair this morning."

There was a certain vanity in the pert way she held her head as she glanced at me. She was beautiful, all right. She was so freshly and vitally beautiful, with all her youth and fine color, that I felt a catch in my throat. And when that passed I heard myself saying: "Ann, you're lovely enough to be a girl on a magazine cover."

"Do you really think so?" She spoke earnestly, not at all coquettishly. "For a long time I've been considering going to New York. Do you suppose I could get a job as a model?"

The idea, for no good reason, appalled me. I couldn't, you understand, dissociate her from the sea and the sun and the good fresh wind. I couldn't picture her out of those elements which had been her life since she was a little girl. And thinking of her posing for some swishy artist in a New York studio, I said: "Good Lord, Ann! You haven't got the modeling bug, have you?"

"Well, I have to do something, don't I? I can't sponge on Feathers and Mollie indefinitely. They only have a small pension and they need every bit of it themselves. And when you stop to think about it, what can I do to make a living? I can handle a typewriter and a boat. But they tell me typists are a dime a dozen ashore, and where could I find any one who would put a valuable boat in charge of a girl?"

"You seem to have found Charlie Campbell without much trouble."

"That's different. Jobs like that don't come along every day."

"Ann, are you guiding him solely for the money?"

THE first big crested comber was looming up ahead. Ann was watching it, and I saw only her earnest profile as she replied coolly:

"No."

"There's more to it than money?"

"Yes."

I grabbed the window frame as the comber struck us. It tossed our bow high in the air and sent a sheet of white spray over the boat and over us. We dropped into the trough with a shivering thump, and Ann, shaking off water like a terrier, said gayly:

"I'd never find anything like this in an artist's studio, would I?"

After that she was too busy to talk. The bar was boiling, the water yellow with the sand churned up from the bottom. In the welter of dirty foam I couldn't see any sign of the channel she was following, but it wasn't a straight channel and it didn't at any time head into the crested seas which rolled in from the northwest. That made each wave a problem of its own. Run on your course as far as you dare, turn sharply at the last minute, meet the sea bow on, then swing back into the channel and make good as much as you can before the next wave comes along. That's the way you do it, and it may sound easy—unless you know that it takes only one little unseen eddy, one little crosscurrent you haven't allowed for, to twist you broadside into a towering wave. When that happens, your boat rolls over and over, and unless you are very, very lucky, you drown.

When we finally reached green water, where the manes on the seas were only harmless whitecaps, we were all soaked to the skin, and Tommy, if not myself, was pale around the gills.

"How'd you like it, Tommy lad?" Ann called brightly.

"S-s-swell!" Tommy gasped. "L-l-let's go back and try it again."

Ann kept the boat well offshore as she rounded the northern end of the cay and headed out onto the broken water of the banks which stretched for miles to the south and west. The seas here were too short to cause us any trouble, and after a while Tommy crawled out on the foredeck again and spread himself to dry in the blazing sun. Ann tossed her sou'wester back into the locker, and I said: "If you'll con me, I'll take the wheel and you can get out and dry off."

WHAT'S the use?" she said. "I hate to sound pessimistic, but we'll probably be soaking wet all day. It won't be easy, you know, to drag the Heron off the beach. This little craft has hardly enough power to keep herself out of trouble and we'll have to rely mostly on your winch and kedge. And if we don't get her off on the tide this afternoon—well—"

"She'll end her days on the beach at Fiddler Cay."

"I'm afraid so."

Tommy yelled back: "Hi! Look-ut, that li'l' ol' sloop dusting along."

There was a small sloop a half mile to starboard of us. She was running toward Hubbard Cay, going fast, throwing spray in sparkling showers from every wave crest.

"Your friend Gates?" I asked.

Ann nodded.

"He certainly left in a hurry, didn't he?"

"Strangers frighten him."

"He didn't look frightened to me. He looked pretty damned self-satisfied."

"I don't think you should pass judgment—until you know for sure."

"All right; we'll skip it. But if that kid has caused me to lose the Heron—"

Did Greenwood Gates put the White Heron aground? Does Ann Jones know more than she is telling? And what is really behind Iris' and Charlie's interest in the Bluebird? Thrills and surprises wait in next week's chapter. Don't miss it!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who had met and admired Annie Ide's father at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, feared that presents might come to Annie only once a year instead of twice because she was born on Christmas Day. So Robert Louis wrote her a Christmas letter, giving her *his* birthday—November 13—in exchange for hers. Like Christmas, he said, every birthday should "enjoy the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manners of our ancestors."

What a happiness it is when the postman brings us nice letters at Christmas or at any other time! . . . Max Lincoln Schuster, of the Simon and Schuster publishing company, has been letting me in on some of the famous correspondence which space compelled him to leave out of his very popular Treasury of the World's Great Letters. . . . Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "In a man's letters, you know, madam, his soul lies naked." . . . Lord Byron said: "One of the pleasures of reading old letters is the knowledge that they need not be answered." . . . George Jean Nathan has said: "The public will always give up its dinner to read love letters." . . . A snooty English peeress wrote to George Bernard Shaw informing him that she would be *at home* on such-and-such a date. G. B. replied: "So will I."

You can fight sharp battles with letters, but you also can make fond friends with them—which is, I believe, more important in the long run.

☆ Somewhat to my surprise, I've just heard *cranberry sauce* referred to as a powerful influence for Americanization. A lady who does social service work among children of foreign parentage tells me it's almost always easier to teach the kids American ideas after they've sampled cranberry sauce at Christmas or Thanksgiving. The rest of the fixings also count, of course, but I'm told it's the cranberry sauce that makes the biggest impression. That is one of the reasons why free Christmas dinner parties are so important at big-city hospitals and other institutions. A few days before Christmas the Beekman Street Hospital, in New York's Chinatown-and-the-Bowery district, gives a party worth going to see. Last year, at the height of the festivities, a policeman carried in a little girl paralyzed on the street by a stray bullet from a gangster's gun!

☆ Strange because of the circumstances, one of the most peculiar Christmas charities I've heard about commemorates a Southern gentleman who dwelt all his life in a climate so mild that he couldn't possibly have known the misery of severe cold. Yet the idea obsessed his imagination to such an extent that he never would allow his coal cellar to be locked. "If anybody steals my coal," he used to say, "I guess they must be colder than I am. Let 'em have it and welcome." At Christmas he always gave free tons of coal to the poor. His family continues the charity in memory of him.

"My husband sees things that way, too, but fortunately he can't draw!"

☆ Are you frantic from trying to think of a last-minute present that mustn't be serious or expensive—say for one of those neighbor-to-neighbor gift exchanges that have become mere habit? If so, I recommend Alexander Van Rensselaer's new book of party stunts, Betcha Can't Do It. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Company. $1.50.)

☆ This year's Christmas perfumes have been put up more attractively than ever all along the price range. Here are suggestions: *The Perfume Doublet*, by Beauty Counselors, presents two little vials, *Destiny* and *Mignonette*, in a tiny purse of gold leather. $1. . . . Lenthéric's *Pink Party*, a light daytime scent. $1 for large bottle. . . . *Forget-Me-Not*, a daytime scent by Primrose House, in handsome aquamarine bottle. Also $1. . . . Charbert's very smart *Amber* in small bottle attached to miniature wooden skis mounted as a lapel pin for sports wear. $1.50. . . . Schiaparelli's *Shocking Scamp*, three tiny bottles on a pink-and-gold enamel lapel pin. $7.50. . . . Corday's *Jet* in lovely package of white satin, jet, and black velvet. From $6.50. . . . Helena Rubinstein's provocative *Gala Performance* in elegant ballet-dancer bottle. $25.

☆ A dessert nicely suited to some occasion during the holidays is this *Almond Cup Pudding*, as served frequently at the table of Thomas Jefferson. The red wine adds a festive touch. Use a California Burgundy at room temperature. . . . Put ½ pound blanched almonds through finest grinder of your food chopper. Blend 2 tablespoons slightly warmed cream with ½ cup softened butter. Mix the ground almonds into this, stirring thoroughly, and adding 1 tablespoon brandy, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch of nutmeg. Fill buttered custard cups half full; place in pan of water and bake in moderate oven till set. Serve warm, with separate containers for drawn butter, powdered sugar, and the red wine, all three of which are to be combined as a sauce.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Pep up, America!

REALIZATION has at last come to the United States that unless Uncle Sam's flabby muscles are restored to the pioneer quality of rawhide and steel he will not have the physical energy to employ the weapons of military and industrial preparedness now being forged.

America is soft. We pride ourselves on being a nation of sports lovers, but we love sports as spectators. We boast of being the only country wherein every living soul could simultaneously climb into an automobile; but our dependence upon rubber tires has made us a people of rubber bones and muscles.

Something is going to be done about it On September 12 President Roosevelt committed to John B. Kelly of Philadelphia, twice winner of the Olympic international sculling championship, the job of formulating a program to make America physically fit. Several White House conferences have been held to discuss the methods by which Americans, old and young, men and women, will be put on their toes. In broad outline, the scheme is to embark on a nation-wide program of physical education. There will be classes in physical culture under all sorts of auspices —federal, state, local, public and private, fraternal and industrial. All over the country local health boards will be created to encourage and oversee the federal program. To be lusty and husky is going to be made fashionable and patriotic.

And—*economical!*

America will be taught that the best all-around exercise not only costs nothing but pays cash dividends in fewer doctor bills, less time lost from productive work on account of illness.

There will be many aspects to the program, such as use of the gymnasiums in public schools for adult evening classes in body-building, and floodlighted playgrounds and athletic fields where whole communities can obtain training and recreation under expert supervision. Businesses and industries will be asked to inaugurate stated daily periods of setting-up exercises, a program which was inaugurated by Bernarr Macfadden some time ago in Macfadden Publications.

The unofficial slogan is: "Arise and walk!" Housewives will be encouraged to walk to market, business men to walk to their offices. Hiking clubs are to be formed. Moreover, America will be taught not only how to build muscle but how to feed it through proper diet.

In short, what Bernarr Macfadden has been preaching for half a century is going to become a great national crusade under government auspices.

Many details remain to be worked out, but the general scope of the nation's setting-up exercises is decided. There is no debating the need. That has long been conspicuous. Every survey the government has made of one aspect or another of the national health has produced the plainest warnings.

The machine age brought flat feet, round shoulders, scrawny legs, heart disease, intestinal disorders, tuberculosis to every industrial nation. Other countries — Italy, Germany, Great Britain, even Russia—long since took vigorous steps to combat national softness. We Americans, with more machines per capita, more wealth per person, more food than any other nationality, are the last to achieve realization and to plan correction.

In the World War draft, twenty-three years ago, the army had to reject as totally unfit nine men to every fourteen it accepted as physically equal to general military duty. The ratio of the wholly fit to the partially and the completely unfit was less than fourteen to thirteen. For all practical purposes, every other man supposedly in the prime of life had something physically wrong with him.

The proportion now is expected to be worse. This year's draft will be made up of men who matured during the depression decade. That means, says Colonel Charles B. Spruit, medical adviser to the Selective Service Committee, that there will be "troubles to correct due to the effects of deficient diet in recent years." In anticipation, the government has reduced its standard of physical fitness for 1940's citizen soldiery.

National surveys made by public and private agencies, by Cornell University, Millbank Memorial Foundation, the government's Bureau of Home Economics and Public Health Service, have posted more recent warning signs. Miss Harriet Elliott, Consumer Commissioner on the National Defense Commission, computes from these studies that "45,000,000 out of our 132,000,000 are living below the safety line right now because we are not getting the kinds and amounts of food necessary for strength and health." She proposes the slogan: "Let's make America strong by making Americans stronger."

Adequate nourishment, the government scientists and public educators like Bernarr Macfadden have always preached, has nothing to do with an expensive diet. Proportionately there are more undernourished rich persons than poor ones. It is only a question of eating the proper foods (often the cheapest) properly prepared, and having a body trained to digest and assimilate the food efficiently. So dietary education will be an important item in America's forthcoming curriculum of physical education.

It will not be a compulsory education, although nearly 2,000,000 of our young men will be taking required and enforced physical training in the next twelve months as part of their military duties with the Regular Army, the Navy, the National Guard, and the Marine Corps, and among the civilians called to arms under the selective service act.

The national health program has nothing to do with military pre-

Britain's youth gepping up—and enjoying it: A lusty push-ball joust at Stanley Grange.

paredness. It will not be "regimentation." It is too late now to toughen America for the immediate emergency. The program looks beyond the perils of 1940 to the next decade, the next generation. Civilian physical training will not be compulsory. Conscience and common sense will be the only compelling urge. That ought to be enough, for Americans.

In sponsoring national physical education, the United States is somewhat behind the times. Compulsory mass physical training is a part of the regimented life in the dictatorships of Germany, Italy, and Russia. It has brought results. *Voluntary* physical training under government auspices has produced even greater results in the democracies that have inaugurated it. A system similar to that which the United States is formulating has been in effect in Great Britain since July 13, 1937. The Finns had such a system. The Canadians are converting their provincial program to a federal one.

France, on the other hand, scoffed at physical training—and collapsed in thirty days.

Fifty thousand of us Americans sit in a stadium to watch eighteen men play baseball, twenty-two men play football, two men box—and we glory in being a nation of athletes. The job is to get us to become participants, not spectators.

Jack Kelly proposes to do that. The zest of competition is to be added to the spice of the active life in softball teams, field-hockey teams, volley-ball contests, hiking clubs. Are you short of wind and tender of foot? There are enough like you within whooping distance to form a couple of slow-motion soccer teams. Are you afraid the old pump has a leaky gasket? There will be competent men and women to examine you and to prescribe for you a system of gradual rehabilitation, so you will know just how far you may safely exercise.

All this is going to cost the nation money. It need not cost the individual a dime unless he—or she—chooses to specialize in a sport requiring personal equipment, such as golf. The public debt will not be increased by as much as the cost of a battle cruiser or a squadron of bombers, however. Following the British method, it is proposed to give grants toward the provision, equipment, and maintenance of gymnasiums, swimming pools, athletic fields, archery butts, camps, and trails. The federal government will help with money, with master plans which communities can adopt and adapt. It will also provide the prestige and the publicity.

The real job will be local in supervision and individual in participation. It is expected that the American Legion will play a very large part in the program. Municipalities, local clubs, and business organizations sponsoring employee athletic associations will be asked and aided to throw open their recreational facilities. In my own home town of Alexandria the skeet club has already opened its ranges to the public and has floodlighted them for night use.

Kelly and the President see in the national program a strengthening not only of America's muscular fiber but of its moral tone and democratic tradition. The community spirit will be enhanced by mass games and contests; Italian, Pole, German, Greek, and Swede will be *playing* together. The chief motive of the good-health campaign, however, is to build up an all-around American physique to withstand whatever hard times the future may hold for us, and to make the good times more enjoyable. It is basically a long-range peacetime program which will bear fruit in a healthier, happier America of tomorrow. Healthy children, intelligently fed, well sunned, rounded out by ample exercise, will do better in school and grow up to be better producers, better parents, than the generation that begot them.

The immediate aim is to reverse our downhill trend in average physical fitness. To be sure, statistics show that the average life span of Americans has been increased in the last generation, due to modern sanitation and advances in public and private hygiene. But the average health of the longer-lived American has not kept pace. Mr. Kelly says, as Mr. Macfadden has said for years, that in this age we ride where we should and could walk; we sit at machines in our work, and machines amuse us in the form of radio and movie. Even in industry men have become specialists, with lopsided physical development resulting. Even the farmer plows his fields sitting on a tractor, and machines stack and store the hay his forebears used to pitch.

Well, Uncle Sam, prepare to have the seams of your coat let out and the waistline of your trousers taken in, because now it's smart to be husky. And I mean *smart!*

THE END

Leagued British girlhood joyously rehearses at Wembley Stadium for a health and beauty pageant.

BY WALTER KARIG

We need muscle for defense . . Now we are going to get it

A Short-Short Visit to the Physical Culture Hotel

FULTON OURSLER

WE WERE driving south from Rochester through the Genesee Valley, all red and green and gold in its autumnal miracle. "I am glad to come with you and hear your lecture," said my friend, "but the nearer we get to —what do you call it?"

"The Physical Culture Hotel," I answered, with what was meant to be warning severity.

"People in beds," he groaned. "People on stretchers. People on crutches. It depresses me."

I smiled. I had been to Dansville before, and I knew the surprise that was in store for my apprehensive friend. For the rest of the 45-mile drive we talked of other subjects, until the little village of Dansville came into view, and presently we drove up to the porch of the red-bricked, wide-porched Physical Culture Hotel. It was good to come back and visit here, after an absence of some years; to note the many improvements and to show off the place to my companion.

"I'm famished," he whispered to me. "And I understand all Macfadden gives you is orange juice three times a day."

"THAT'S ONLY IF you need it."

"Suppose I don't need it. Then what do I get?"

"Maybe just water!"

And then I led him into the dining room, where the hot bran muffins are an ode to the gastronomic art and where one can eat as one wishes, and extraordinarily well too, unless under doctor's orders or the self-requested discipline of a physical culture counselor. After that meal my friend was really interested, and, with Mr. Macfadden as our dragoman, we went on a little sight-seeing tour. The porches, the twenty acres of timbered land and gardens and wooded hillside gave us a sizable walk—though nothing to be compared to the Macfadden Trail which so many follow at six thirty every morning, not because they are made to, but because they love it. That trail begins high on a wooded hillside behind the hotel. It winds through meadow, grove, and stream—but where it ends I know not, because, as I had to confess to my friend, I had never finished the hike.

HE WAS DELIGHTED with everything shown him: the sun-ray lamps, the steam and electric cabinets, the sun baths on the towers, the immense roof gardens, the library, the swimming pool, tennis courts, and many other features of this the largest institution of its kind. Best of all he liked the singing exercise classes. He stood next to a blonde young woman, exercised with her, sang with her, laughed with her, and seemed to be having a very good time.

Later he came back to me; the young lady had been called to the massage room.

"I wonder what could be wrong with her," he mused.

"Well," I told him, "it couldn't be very serious. This is not a sanatorium, you know — no contagious diseases, no tubercular cases, or mental disorders—"

His face lightened.

"What is the idea of this place?" he wanted to know.

"Rebuilding and restoring health," Mr. Macfadden interposed. "This is a place to learn to relax. You play while you're getting well."

At dinner that night we talked about some of the famous guests of the Physical Culture Hotel—Fannie Hurst, Lowell Thomas, old Dan Frohman, Floyd Gibbons, Thomas Dixon, Dr. Darlington, former New York Health Commissioner, and many other old friends. Later, when I came on the platform to speak, I noticed that my friend was sitting next to the blonde with whom he had exercised and sung.

AT MIDNIGHT we were to be driven to the railroad station and take the sleeper for New York. But I noticed my friend did not put his bags in the car.

"I'm staying on," he explained happily. "I want to learn to relax—I'm a convert. I believe health is our most glorious asset. I'm going to play while I'm getting well. Sorry I can't wait till the train comes—you see, I have to get up at six tomorrow morning; Betty and I are going on the hike!"

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS All-America Football Team will be announced in next week's issue. A lot of bridges have gone under the water since Norman Sper came to see me in Los Angeles nearly ten years ago and suggested a new way of discovering the best of all possible teams in a football world. The idea was that the players on the team were most competent to judge the other players, and that is what he proposed to ask them to do. I was frankly skeptical but told him to go ahead and try. The result is known to every football fan. Year after year, the announcement of Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team has grown in interest, until now it sets a standard that is tops in this great sport.

THE WHOLE ISSUE next week is packed with interesting material. For example, the leading article may shock you; it may even make you violently angry—as it did us to a degree—but it will certainly interest you. The author is Admiral Suetsugu of Japan, and the title is Japan's Navy Is Ready for the U. S. A. We are not exactly trembling in our boots.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER 28, 1940

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EDITORIAL

Hey! Hey! Hurrah! Hurrah! Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Christmas, 1940 Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt 10
When It Comes Like Lightning, It's Love.....Eleanore Griffin 22
Home for the Holidays—Liberty's Short Short.....Frances Fink 33

SERIALS

Murder Over Brooklyn: When Terror Stalked the Waterfront—Part III....Frederick L. Collins 16
Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal —Part VII.....Sax Rohmer 40
Death Waits for a Lady—Part IV Whitman Chambers 50

ARTICLES

Boy on a Raft.....Eric Davis 7
I Was in a Convoy Under Fire Robert Low 8
I Used to Be a Snob Achmed Abdullah 14
Rags to Rose Bowl—The Strange Case of the Coach Who Couldn't Win.....Braven Dyer 34
What Do You Know About Ships and the Sea?.....Spike Marlin 37
Seven Steps to Personal Success Professor Walter B. Pitkin 47
Pep Up, America!...Walter Karig 56

FEATURES

Vox Pop, 6; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 27; Crossword Puzzle, 28; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 55.

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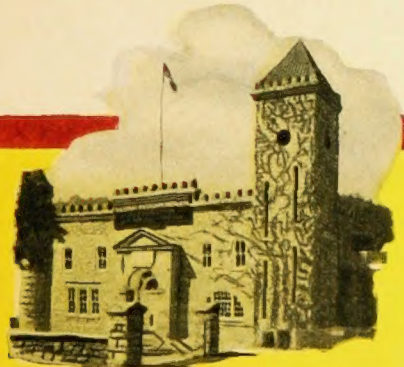

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